

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Victory Prelude

THE Conservatives have still to win the May 26 general election, but viewed in the light of their successes this week in the county borough contests, it is difficult to believe they will fail.

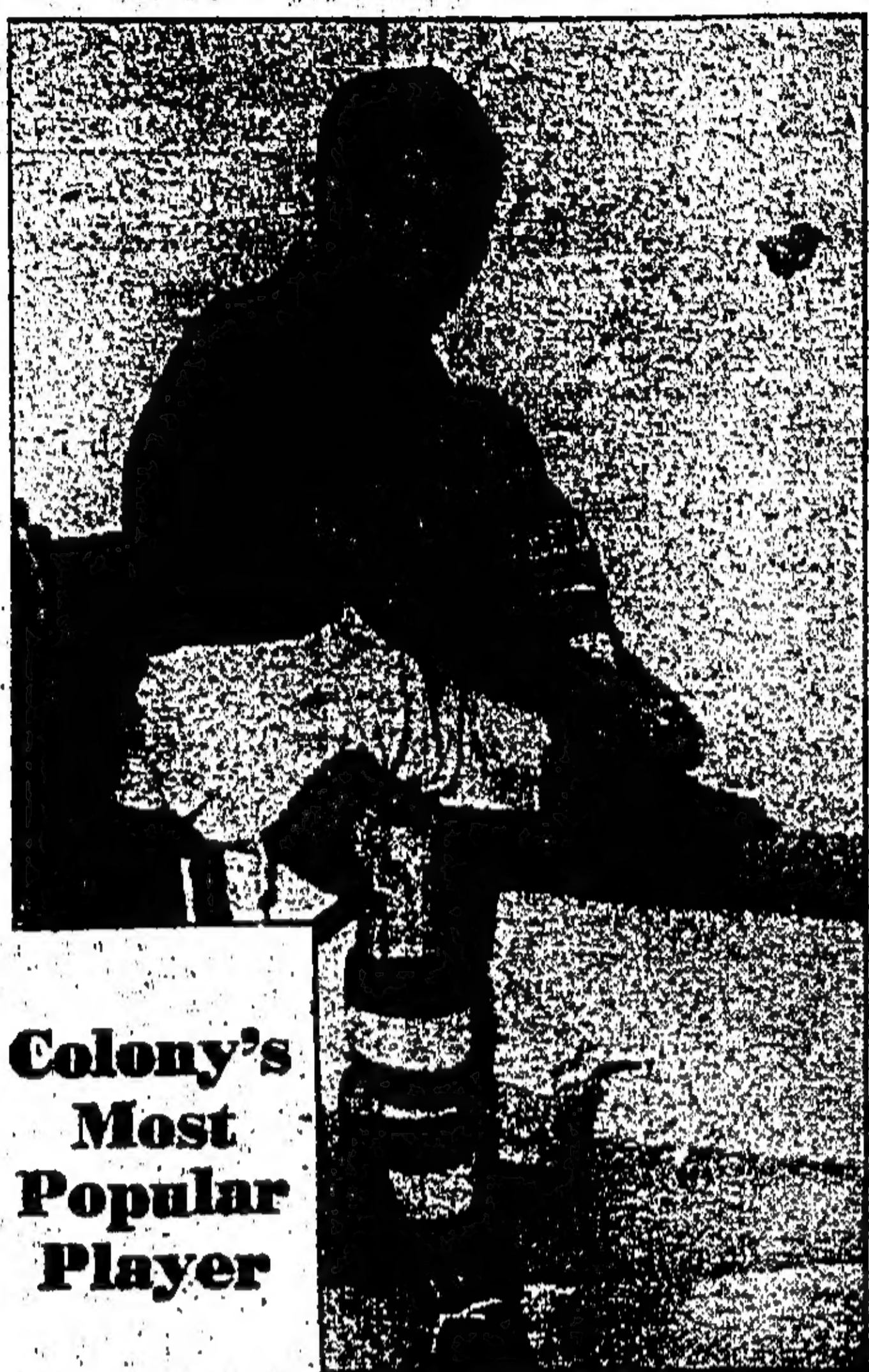
True, the Tories have, if cold figures alone are the yardstick, only recovered much of the ground they lost to the Socialists in the borough elections of 1952, and the "landslide" must be evaluated accordingly. They were expected to do well, and earlier this week the Economist assessed the elections in the following terms: "It has been estimated... the Conservatives and their allies should recover between 200 and 300 borough council seats; any gain below 200 should be regarded as a Tory defeat for May 26 and any gain significantly above 300 should be regarded as a Tory bull point."

In the event the anti-Socialists, when results from two boroughs were still outstanding, had scored a net gain of 343 seats, and Labour had lost control of 11 councils. The result undoubtedly can be regarded as a Tory bull point, and must make them firm favourites to win the general election.

THE Socialists' sorrows over the borough elections are not confined to the gains made at their expense by the Conservatives. Indicative of the strong anti-Labour Party trend in England and Wales was the improved representation of the Liberals and Independents. The Liberals have already scored a net gain of eight seats, and the Independents 25.

The conclusion which suggests itself is that the British electorate at this time is in no mood for Socialism—local or parliamentary. Nothing could be more significant than Labour's loss of control in such cities as Bolton, Reading, Burnley and Northampton—all recognised Socialist strongholds—and the reduction of their majority in Birmingham from 32 to 10. If the "floating" vote goes the same way on May 26 as it has this week in the borough elections, the return of the Conservatives, with an increased majority, is assured.

HK's Footballer
Of The Year



Colony's
Most
Popular
Player

Public Nominates
Tong Sheung

With a thumping three to one majority over his nearest rival, Tong Sheung, the brilliant South China Athletic Association player has been nominated by the public as Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the 1954-55 season, and with this title he also wins the China Mail silver cup offered by the South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Tong Sheung, who was runner-up last year to Mike Granger of the Army in the Footballer of the Year contest, polled 981 of the 2,439 votes cast by the public.

Last year the total number of votes cast was 1,557, of which Granger polled 639.

Nearest nominee to Tong Sheung in this year's competition was W. Morris of the Army who collected 324 nominations.

Tang Yee-kit of Kowloon Motor Bus was third with a poll of 225.

Altogether 19 players received nominations—one less than last year.

In addition to the first three already mentioned, the following received votes: H. Higgins

(Army), Wainley (Army), Moss (Police), Morry (Army), Ng Koo-cheung (Kwong Wah), Hui Yung-sang (Sing Tao), Yiu Cheuk-yin (South China), Mok Chun-wah (South China), Ho Po-keung (South China), Chu Wing-keung (Kitchener), Fui Kin-yen (South China), J. D. Wade (Club), J. Streetlam (Houkama), Wai Fat-kim (KMB) and Sze To Yiu (KMB).

Arrangements are now in hand for the presentation of the China Mail Footballer of the Year cup to the winner, Tong Sheung.

Austria
Denied
Atomic
Weapons

Vienna, May 13.

Austria will be expressly forbidden to produce or use atomic weapons, under the terms of the new Austrian State Treaty scheduled to be signed by the Foreign Ministers of the four occupying powers and Austria on Sunday, it was learned here today.

Austria will also be forbidden to buy or procure war material from Germany or Japan under the treaty.

The treaty, ending the occupation of the country and restoring Austrian independence is shorter than the working treaty adopted in 1949, which served as a base for the new treaty.

Many clauses, notably those which limited Austrian future independence, were eliminated from the old treaty. Other clauses took into account the changes in the international situation which have occurred since 1949.

The Big Four Foreign Ministers were expected to study the details of the new treaty when they met tomorrow, probably at the Allied control building.

The four ministers will meet tomorrow evening for dinner at the American Embassy where the United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, is staying.

Diplomatic circles here believed that the four ministers would at that time exchange views on world political problems and lay the groundwork for future meetings, such as the projected Big Four conference.

—France-Press.

Coal Strike
Over

Doncaster, May 13.

The three-week-old Yorkshire coal strike which has lost Britain almost a million tons of coal virtually ended tonight when the miners who started the dispute decided to go back to work.

It is expected that all the 44,000 men still idle will now resume work.

Leaders of the 27,000 miners in the Doncaster area where the strike over piece rates first began tonight agreed to recommend a return on Monday on the promise that their pay demands would be met.

Only the miners, the men who lead on to the conveyor belts, were actually on strike but the pits could not operate without them.—Reuters.

LOSES APPEAL

Washington, May 13.

Cedric Beltrage, British author, yesterday lost his appeal against an order deporting him from the United States on the grounds of his alleged membership of the Communist Party.

The Board of Immigration Appeals rejected the appeal.—Reuters.

BIGGEST BLOW

Buenos Aires, May 13.

The Argentine government struck its biggest blow yet against the Catholic Church today when the all-Peronista Senate approved a bill to end tax exemptions for religious institutions.—Reuters.

RPM 10-30 SPECIAL MOTOR OIL

CAN INCREASE GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO 15%!



This single oil combines the best features of grades SAE 10-20 and 30 — is recommended for use in any climate, any season — in new cars or old.



TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO-DAY

Powers &
Rights Proposed
By West
JOINT RESOLUTION

Washington, May 13.

The four Western powers at the London disarmament talks have proposed to Russia that an international control organ must have "full responsibility for supervising and guaranteeing effective observance of all the provisions" of a world disarmament treaty.

This was contained in a joint resolution by Canada, France, Britain and the United States on April 21 to the London disarmament conference.

It was published by the State Department here today along with all the other documents submitted to the London talks between February 25 and May 9.

The whole question of international supervision of world disarmament is the key outstanding issue between Russia and the four Western powers.

The new Soviet plan, announced on Wednesday, did not state clearly Russia's attitude to the Western insistence that the control organ have full powers before any disarmament starts.

The publication of the document follows Moscow's disclosure of its new plan put to the London conference on Tuesday.

The Western resolution on control states that the international control organ must be granted the right:

1. To be stationed permanently in the countries adhering to the disarmament agreement.

2. To exercise authority to enter from and travel within the territory of participating states and unrestricted access to all installations and facilities are required by them for the effective performance of their responsibilities and functions.

3. Of unrestricted use of communication facilities necessary for the discharge of their responsibilities.

4. Of inviolability of person, premises, property and archives.

THREE PHASES

The Western resolution also demands that "the control organ shall remain in being to ensure that the reductions, prohibitions and eliminations are faithfully and permanently observed."

It stipulates that "the control organ must be in a position and able to carry out its tasks in three phases while the disarmament programme begins."

1. To determine the details of the methods and processes of supervising and guaranteeing the effective observance of the various phases of disarmament.

2. To supervise and verify the disclosures of information at each stage of the disarmament programme with respect of all armaments, armed forces and related installations and facilities.

3. To ensure that installations, facilities, equipment and materials, including nuclear stocks are disposed of or used in accordance with the terms of the disarmament treaty.

4. To organise and conduct field and aerial surveys to determine whether the disclosures of installations and facilities are complete.

5. To conduct research to keep itself up to date in nuclear knowledge and so be fully effective in eliminating or destroying uses of nuclear energy so that such energy shall be used only for peaceful purposes.

6. To report and provide information to the United Nations Security Council, the General Assembly and the signatory states and to make recommendations for appropriate action by them in the event of violation of the disarmament treaty.

7. To take the necessary measures to deal with any violations of the disarmament treaty pending action by the Security Council, the General Assembly or the signatory states. To call upon the party concerned and its agents to comply with such measures without prejudice to its rights, claims or position.—Reuters.

MAU MAU
CHIEF SLAIN

Nairobi, May 13.

Mau Mau "Brigadier" Gichane, who led the gang which last October abducted and buried alive a British farmer, Mr. Arundel Gray Leskey, has been killed by a better team of the 5th Battalion King's African Rifles, it was officially announced here today.

Gichane, believed to have joined the Mau Mau in 1953, emerged as a gang leader last August and had lately been a lieutenant of Mau Mau "General" Tanganyika in the Mount Kenya forest.—Reuters.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Page 5—Colonel Blood

Page 6—Goldfish Club

Page 7—Sir Beverley Baxter: "Can I Call the Russian My Brother?"

Page 8—Did It Happen?

Page 9—After Poles, what?

Page 10—After Poles, what?

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Army Mails
Used For
Smuggling?

INVESTIGATION
ORDERED

Ottawa, May 13.

An investigation is being made into reports that army mails are being used to smuggle contraband goods into Canada from Japan and Korea.

Announcement of the investigation was made by the press office of national defence headquarters today after inquiries had been made there about a report appearing yesterday in the Vancouver Sun saying such an investigation was being made.

The official announcement said the investigation was ordered "early this week" after receipt of report that such abuse of the army postal services were going on.

It is understood it was launched on the basis of inquiries from newspaper correspondents in Vancouver and Ottawa, before the story appeared in print in the Sun.—Reuters.

Scelba Wins
Again

Rome, May 13.

Premier Mario Scelba tonight won another round in his fight to keep his centre coalition Cabinet going at least until important regional elections in Sicily on June 6.

In a heated five-hour meeting a big group of rebels in his own Christian Democrat Party was talked out of a threatened plan to bring the government down immediately.

The meeting started the second check to the efforts of this group to put an end to the Scelba government and to unseat the present left-wing party leadership.

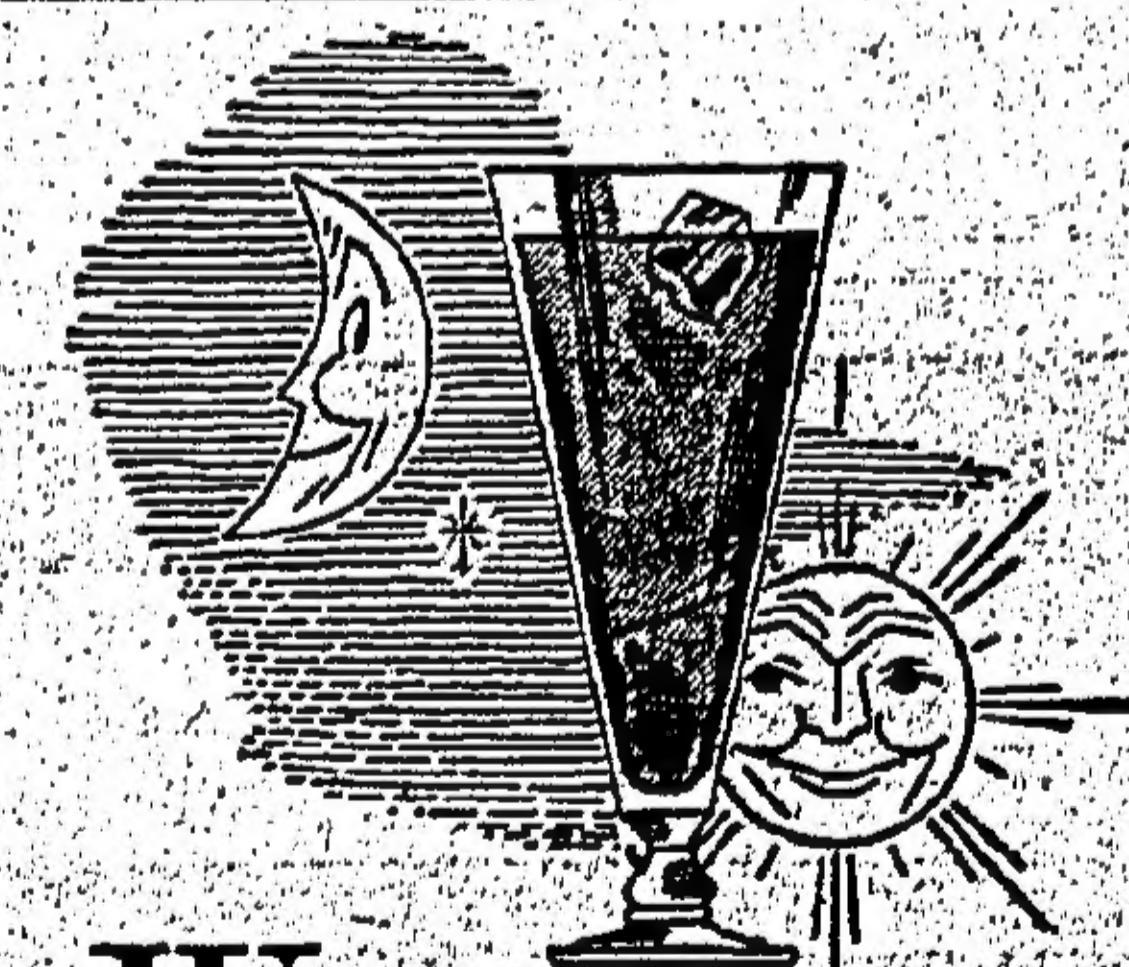
Led by former Premier Giuseppe Pella and other prominent right-wing Christian Democrats, the rebels bowed to the majority of the Party in agreeing that the government should be left in power until the Sicilian elections.

But they secured a promise that Premier Scelba would immediately try to work out with the three parties in the coalition a precise government programme for the future. These parties are the Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberals.—Reuters.

Inquiry Request

Washington, May 13.

The United States government has requested British authorities in Singapore to investigate the fatal beating up of an American correspondent, Mr. Gene Symonds, by demonstrators yesterday.—Reuters.



Which drink
is a beauty treatment?

The pleasantest way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice night and morning. For this refreshing drink, with its cool, clean tang, purifies the blood—Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the

"treatment" tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly.

What is lime juice? Pure and simple the juice of the world's most delicious citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by Saxe's who grow their own fruit. Sliced and strained, provides a natural salt solution that cleanses the skin and keeps it clear, not greasy like some



Lime Juice for clear complexion
The best you can buy is Saxe's

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KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. / At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

BUD and LOU are HIGH-FLYING STUNTMEN...
and Hollywood will never be the same!



BUD ABBOTT - LOU COSTELLO
MEET THE KEYSTONE KOPS
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
ALSO: LATEST BRITISH PARAMOUNT NEWS
1955 CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY

KING'S

TO-MORROW
at 12 noonA SPECIAL PREMIERE PERFORMANCE
G. ULANOVA

World-Known Soviet Ballerina

in

"STARS OF RUSSIAN BALLET"

featuring "THE SWAN LAKE", "FOUNTAIN
OF BAKCHISSARAI" and "FLAMES OF PARIS"

In Glorious Color

Admissions: \$1.50, \$2.40, \$3.50

BOOKING NOW OPEN!

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
Extra Shows

At 11.00 a.m. U-I & Columbia present

A Variety Programme of
Technicolor Cartoons & The 3 Stooges

At Reduced Prices!

At 12.10 p.m. A Superb Indian Picture

Shakili - Sajjan - Bhagwan in

"HALLA GULLA"

Produced & Directed by Bhagwan
Music by Chitchochet and Nisar

15 Reels - At Regular Prices

LEE Theatre

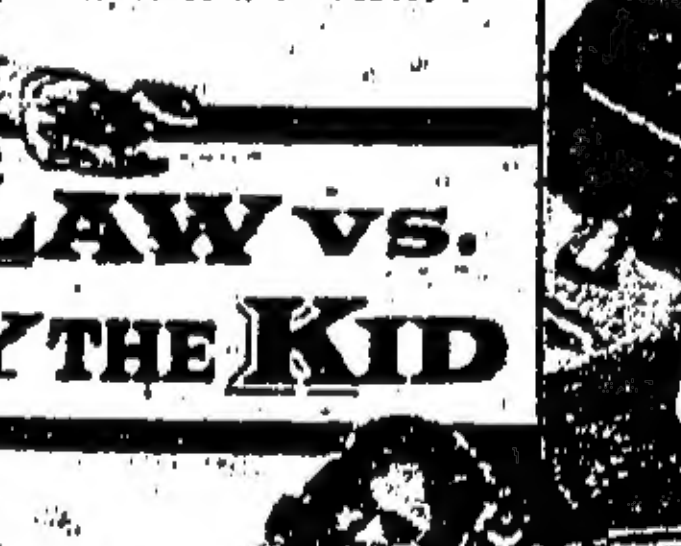
AIR-CONDITIONED AND OZONIZED

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

"Never sit with your back to the door..."

THE LAW vs. BILLY THE KID
The true story of the deadliest killer in the West!



Starring **SCOTT BRADY - BETTA ST. JOHN**
Story and Screen Play by JOHN T. WILLIAMS - Produced by SAM YATZAN - Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

THE DAY ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!
20th Century-Fox presents
VIOLENT SATURDAY
Cory by DE LUKE
CINEMASCOPE
Starring **VICTOR MATURE**



ADDED ATTRACTION! CINEMASCOPE Short Subject
"SUPERSONIC AVID" In Glorious Color.
BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

ROXY: To-morrow Morning Show at 12.00 Noon
THREE STOOGES COMEDY AND CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
Presented by Columbia - Reduced Admission
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

BROADWAY: To-morrow 5 Shows of "Violent Saturday"
Extra Performance at 12.00 Noon.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



That's Stewart Granger on the left surveying a lake village in "Green Fire"

"Green Fire" is a swash-buckler of the type that looks tidy on Stewart Granger, but would make many a better actor look ridiculous.

Perhaps I'd better qualify the description by saying that it's a swashbuckler without swords, castle walls and musty dungeons.

The swash and the buckle all come from Stewart Granger's swaggering portrayal of a present-day adventurer. The director obviously started off with the idea that Mr. Granger must be a devil-may-care Romeo who has made and lost fortunes, acquired a mining degree and a wise-cracking partner somewhere along his chequered career, is persuasive and altogether a very dashing fellow.

The play of Mr. Granger must have been slightly resistant this time, however, as a petty gambler who flirts with his typist, has a talking knowledge of mining and is sulky, rather than dangerous when crossed.

Not somebody whom the aristocratic Grace Kelly, owner of a South American coffee plantation, would be likely to fall in love with however jolly her position, in a million feet of celluloid.

Paul Douglas, on the other hand, is the dependable type. Very much against his will he throws in his lot with his partner when Stewart Granger paints a glowing picture of emeralds to be picked up almost as easily as stones from a mountain he's discovered. Douglas must have found this a very pale role compared with some of the others he's had in the past and it often appears as if he's realised that there's nothing much he can do with it, he's given it a minimum amount of attention, allowing what lime-light there is to fall on Stewart Granger.

Now don't take it for granted that this is a dull picture—some of the lines are quite funny and much of the action is lively. It's just that it's merely another adventure story with many loose ends left untied that could have been played just as well by second class feature players, leaving at least two of the three stars to turn their attention to something more worthy of their capabilities.

Search For Hidden

Treasure

In Haiti a man who has a "Golden Mistress" is a man who is always searching for hidden treasure—or at least, so the Press Book on this picture tells me.

The history of this island has been stormy enough for any number of family fortunes to

have found their way underground.

When Columbus first discovered it there were Indian fisher-folk living there, but their numbers dwindled as a result of pirate raids, fights over gold and the sudden withdrawal of the protection of Spain.

Both England and France had a prominent part in Haiti's past then, until the rise of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and Henri Christophe brought the negroes to the top.

Immense sugar fortunes were being amassed through all these troubled times as well as a vast amount of captured wealth brought in by the pirates, so the buried treasure-theme of "The Golden Mistress" is quite within the bounds of possibility. The speakers are John Agar and Rosemarie Bowe.

Retrospect In
A Death Cell

"Cell 2455, Death Row" is a grim, brutal picture about a boy who started stealing from necessity but in the course of time became a hardened criminal with no pity or feeling for anyone.

Serving several prison sentences before finally receiving the death penalty he comes over the screen as such a truculent, swaggering little hoodlum that it's difficult to find for him even the instinctive sympathy to be felt for anyone on the run.

But the most frightening thing about the picture is the part showing juvenile delinquents cold-bloodedly planning their hold-ups.

Many sets of circumstances could have gone into the making of an adult criminal, but for youngsters to take to crime for the sheer love of it seems infinitely depressing.



Another scene from "Green Fire"

Bank Robbery
On A Saturday

"Violent Saturday" will almost certainly still be on next week-end, and when I have had a chance to see it I will deal with it in more detail.

For the moment, from what I've read of the plot, from what we've come to expect from the actors and from the trailer, it looks like being a good film.

It's a mixed bag of action, suspense and character study, with a little humour added as a seasoning.

The three would-be bank robbers are J. Carroll Nash, Lee Marvin and Stephen McNally, but don't expect hissing types from all of them. They too have their problems and some of the town's sterling characters are, to even the score, not quite as upstanding as they appear to be.

Still Quick On
The Draw

He never drew first and he never shot second. This was the epitaph of one of the screen's favourite bad-men—Billy the Kid.

I don't know the history of this juvenile delinquent in

western garb, but according to the latest picture glorifying his questionable exploits, he was just a misunderstood, young fellow, forced in the first instance by the code of the West (remember the fun Jack Carson had with this in "Red Garters") to kill a man in self-defence, and as a result was sucked deeper and deeper into trouble.

In "The Law vs. Billy the Kid" Scott Brady plays him as a hot tempered young man, impatient of curbs and more than a shade irresponsible, but with a rigid sense of fair play, a luxury in which he could afford to indulge, as nobody could beat him to the draw! Betta St. John, for once out of native girl costume, is his faithful sweetheart, hating violence, but having such inner goodness and sweetness.

★ ★ ★

"Abbott and Costello Meet the Keystone Kops" is a fair sample of the kind of humour we've come to expect from this pair. They lose and make money with equal ease, fool and are fooled, all with no apparent rhyme or reason, yet manage to keep their script free from bad taste and their gags from offensiveness.

Now Gable Goes

West

When Clark Gable was here recently making "Soldier of Fortune" he answered a lot of provocative questions about his public and private life but didn't include any news of his future commitments. We now learn that he has signed to appear in a multi-million-dollar western to be made in colour and one of the new big-screen processes.

There are four women's roles in "The Last Man in Western Mount", but the names of the rest of the cast have not yet been announced.

Susan Hayward is with him in "Soldier of Fortune", Jane Russell in the almost completed "Tall Men" and Bette Davis and Jeanne Crain starred with him in "Destiny". Marry Brunet, too—possibly all three will shoot it out with him in "The Last Man in Western Mount".

The New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Green Fire". A search for emeralds in South America involving the glamorous owner of a coffee plantation. Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly and Paul Douglas.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Keystone Kops". The famous comedy team become film stars.

LEE: "A Hundred Little Mothers". An Italian picture with English subtitles. William Tubbs.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Golden Mistress". Adventure story set in Haiti. John Agar and Rosemarie Bowe.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Cell 2455, Death Row". The case history of a criminal, told from the death cell.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Violent Saturday". Three bank robbers plan a hold-up involving the private lives of most of town's citizens. Richard Egan, Victor Mature and Stephen McNally.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Deep In My Heart". A life of Sigmund Romberg with many well-known M.G.M. stars making brief appearances. Jose Ferrer and Marie O'Brien.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Black Horse Canyon". A western. Joel McCrea and Earl Holliman.

LEE: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid". A western justifying the trigger-happy Billy. Scott Brady and Betta St. John.

KING'S, PRINCESS and LEE: "Underwater". A search for buried treasure. Jane Russell, Richard Egan, and Gilbert Roland.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Out of the Clouds". Romance on a civil airliner. Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty and David Klagsbrun.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "East of Eden". Repression, passion and the results of both. Julie Harris, James Dean and Raymond Massey.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Outlaw's Daughter". A western with the eldest Dalton's daughter trying to prove she's as tough as the rest of the gang. Bill Williams and Kelly Ryan.

AROUND AND ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

This will be James Cagney's year, I predict. I caught the invitation "sneak-peek" of "Mister Roberts" in Los Angeles and the veteran gives a portrayal of the bitter, hard-boiled skipper of a U.S. Navy cargo ship that you'll long remember. In "Run For Cover", an unusual Western, Cagney plays a six-shooting hombre of the classic vintage who tries to reform John Derek.

Lunch With Cagney

In "Love Me or Leave Me" with Doris Day as the fabulous singer, Ruth Etting, Cagney plays her husband, the "Gimp", a combination roller-hoosier of the roaring '20s, which snacks of the old tough, hard-hitting characters he portrayed twenty years ago. Then in "warm contrast, he's George M. Cohan again—in "The Seven Little Boys", one of the high points of this delightful film is a soft shoe number with Leslie Fowles Hope, Bob to you all.

I lunched with the Cagneys, Jimmy, his wife and their

by **Michael Ruddy**

children at MGM Studios during the last days of "Love Me or Leave Me."

How did he account for this crop of films after a period of unquillity on his farms, in the Valley and at Martha's Vineyard, New England? "The good and his simple life, my boy," Cagney said, smiling. His soft voice always surprises me. "I made many movies when I was with Warner Brothers. Then you wait for a good script and you become interested in important matters like breeding fine Highland cattle and building a new barn. And there always the family." He indicated his children.

"My wife and I enjoy life in the country, either in the East

or here. And when a good part, like the one in Mister Roberts comes along fine."

"Come out and ride. We've got some good colts, Western saddle, but they're lively."

Odds in Hollywood are against Edmund Purdom marrying Linda Christian, when he's divorced from Tita Phillips, his wife, living alone at the seaside with their two daughters. The reason? Simple. Tyrone Power has agreed to pay Linda about \$15,000 yearly for 11 years in alimony and support, provided she doesn't re-marry.

Travelling to Britain—Joan Crawford. "But I'll be away from home only about four weeks as I can't bear to leave the children for longer than that," the woman, who's been a star for 28 years told me when she finished her Columbia film, "The Queen Bee" in which she runs the gamut of movie emotions.

It's likely that during her stay in London, she'll discuss the possibility of filming "The Story of Esther Costello". Recently she said she had turned down the screenplay. So had Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck.

However, Mr. Sammy Fuller, who spent some months in London recently re-writing the scenario, said a few days ago at The Fox Studios that Miss Crawford now wanted to do "Esther Costello". Mr. Fuller emphasised this with his nine-inch cigar. ("Unobtainable in London") just as well. It looked like a lethal weapon.

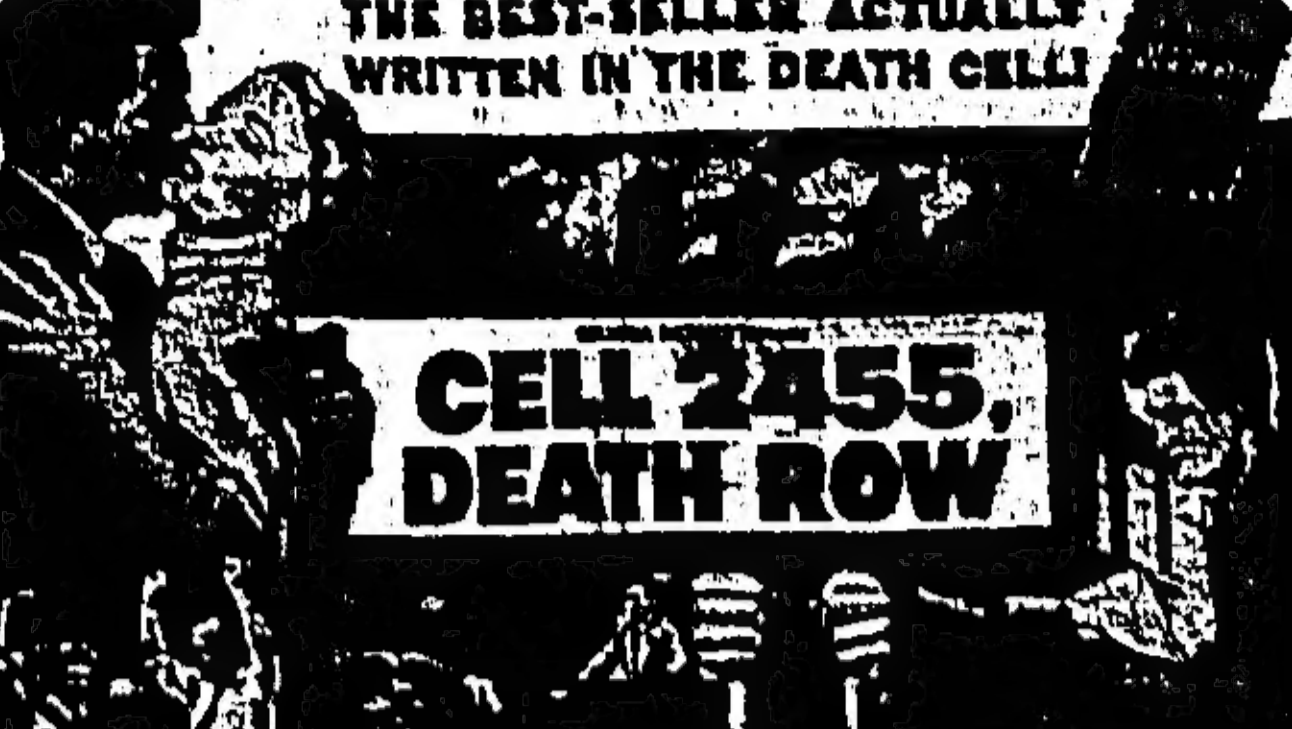
A Comeback

Do you recall a song, "The Object of my Affections"? The man who made this dirty poppy, Pinky Lee, has staged a remarkable comeback from obscurity. He has become a TV star—and has a tremendous following. The new success, in the middle of Pinky's super-swimming pool is an island with swaying palms, a grooving.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

THE BEST-SELLER ACTUALLY
WRITTEN IN THE DEATH CELL!



CELL 2455, DEATH ROW
Starring WILLIAM CAMPBELL - ROBERT CAMPBELL - JANE RUSSELL - BETTA ST. JOHN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
"Cell 2455, Death Row"
AT 11.30 A.M.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

CRESCENDO OF POPPING CORKS TO CELEBRATE

Wine Triumphs Over Milk
And M. Mendes-France

Paris.

Frenchmen are popping more corks than ever. There is reason to
celebrate. The anti-alcohol drive of former Premier Pierre Mendes-France
is on the rocks.Not only are bars packed with
uninhibited drinkers, but there
is talk of getting rid of the few
liquor control laws now on the
books.At the same time the drinking
public—which includes just
about everybody in France—is
being drawn into a new con-
trovercy. The government
plans to uproot 400,000 acres of
low-quality vineyards to help
reduce the annual surplus in
wine production.Parliament has so far refused
to approve a single one of the
alcohol control measures which
helped topple M. Mendes-France
from power. The new Premier,
M. Edgar Faure, has promised
to continue the struggle against
alcoholism but until local elec-
tions are held this spring no one
expects Parliament to tamper
with the explosive issue.

Not Poisonous

One Paris newspaper with its
nose in the wind has detected
the scent of a counter-offensive
by the alcohol forces. This
might take the form of a move
to lift the restrictions on adver-
tising of alcoholic beverages.One Deputy seemed to reflect
the new thinking when he re-
marked the other day, "after all,
it has never been demonstrated
that alcohol is poisonous."Titles In
Demand
In America

London.

The economists have
overlooked one index of
American prosperity — the
number of people who write
to Debut's asking whether
they are eligible to bear
titles or coats of arms.When times are good and the
money is flowing in, Americans
apparently have visions of
baronial mansions and there is
a constant flow of letters.So said Mr. Cyril Hankinson,
the esteemed editor of Debut's,
scanning the two latest letters
from across the Atlantic.One was from someone in
California asking about the
"real" of something or other.
The name of earldom was
illegible.Another was from a lady in
Detroit who said she thought
she was related to the family
into which Prince Louise,
daughter of Queen Victoria,
married, and did that give her
a title? (Answer: It doesn't).Coincidentally with the publica-
tion of the 1955 edition Mr.
Hankinson, a tall, spare, elderly
scholar has opened a campaign
to get people who have the
rights to coats of arms to use
them. This includes Ameri-
cans. Mr. Hankinson would like
to see them emblazoned on book
covers, automobile doors,
stationery, table mats, cushion
covers, fireplaces."Underwear too!" This
question was occasioned by re-
ports that one American who
bears an honorary knighthood
has done just that.

A Will and A Way

Mr. Hankinson seemed taken
aback but he recovered to say:
"Only if artistically done."In order for an American to
be eligible for a coat of arms
there must have been British
blood in his family no further
back than his great-grand-
father. Although Mr. Hankin-
son does not approve, any
American with British blood
and enough money to finance
the right kind of research can
generally find some connection,
however ingenious, with an
aristocratic family. There are
250,000 British people entitled
to this distinction.Mr. Hankinson, in fact, wants
the penalty for unauthorized
use of coats of arms to be made
severe. At the moment the
ancient Court of Chivalry has
the power only to fine and
force an unlawful user to stop
doing so. In 1647, Mr. Hankinson
recalls wistfully, the Earl of
Surrey was beheaded for using
a coat of arms to which he
was not entitled.Dealing with the peerage is
not all champagne and corks.
Life Hankinson has found. One
Peer's mother wanted him to
make clear that her son's wife
was the daughter of a servant
and a common peasant. Another
lady wanted it stated that her
son didn't make the Royal
Navy only because his father
wouldn't allow him to be ven-
erated. —United Press.Poisonous or not, alcohol re-
mains a major concern of French
leaders. The French consume
three times as much alcohol per
capita as people in the United
States. Alcoholic wards are
packed. Curbs of the liver is
widespread. One out of two
road accidents involves a driver
who has been drinking.Yet, about all that is left of
M. Mendes-France's ambitious
programme to curtail alcohol
consumption is his move to
persuade school children and
soldiers to drink milk instead
of wine. Milk is still being served
with assurances that it is not
unhealthy.Despite all their drinking, the
French produce more wine than
they consume or export. The
government stockpiles it in the
same way as the United States
stockpiles butter and eggs. To
cut down the surplus, the gov-
ernment has come up with a
bold idea.

Uprooting Plan

Old vines produce more grapes
than young ones, but the grapes
are of inferior quality. By
uprooting old vineyards, it is
argued, the nation would enjoy
the double benefit of improving
wine quality while reducing
quantity at a time when
180,000,000 gallons of surplus
are produced each year.Beginning next Autumn, the
government will launch a pro-
gramme aimed at uprooting

Noble Prize Winner Says:

'Rainmaking
Can Get Out
Of Control'Albuquerque.
Nobel Prize winner Dr.
Irving Langmuir today called
rainmaking the "hope of
drought-stricken farmers" and
said the experiments were
"extremely promising."But, he said, tests were
"highly unpredictable." He said
he suspected a tie-up between
rainmaking in New Mexico
during 1951 and the disastrous
Missouri floods in 1952.Dr. Langmuir, in an interview
at the International Arid Lands
Conference last week, said "we
know we can produce rain but
sometimes we can't control the
result."He said cloudseeding, merely
acted as the trigger for atmo-
spheric forces which were just
waiting to be touched off.
During operation, clouds, for
example, the scientists seeded
the clouds every seven days.The storms struck the flood
area the next year in seven-
day cycles with "amazing
regularity," Dr. Langmuir said.
He added that rainmaking in the
Pacific north-west has brought
rain to New Mexico as much
as 10 months later.Rainmakers needed additional
"knowledge and skill" before
they could call their experi-
ments truly a success, Dr.
Langmuir said."We have to know for sure
how much rain we will get, and
be sure it falls where we want
it to," he said. Rainmaking was
in its "infancy," but at least we
know we're on the right track."Dr. Langmuir admitted that if
"seeding can produce rain, it can
also cause drought." But he said
"that depends on the area in
which the tests are made, and
is only possible, not probable."
—United Press.

Turned Green

One man put away a one-pound
steak, followed by a breast of
chicken, roasted while over a
glaze of champagne, then he
turned to tackle a plate of
roast beef and a plate of
tongue. A further rest with
two glasses of champagne
followed then he came back
again for pasties and dessert.
A waiter who had been watching
him in amazement offered
him a second helping. But he
turned green and declined.
Another customer had to be
rushed to hospital to have his
stomach pumped out.

At the end of the first day Zoo

authorities estimated their
deficit at 2,000 marks. Now they
have placed two-hour
time limit at the buffet to pre-
vent the city's gluttons eating

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"I told my dad I had to have a larger allowance. Know
what he said? 'What's her name?'"

IN LONDON LAST WEEK

THE 'CURIOUS TYPE' WAS
AN ACTOR'S GHOST

London.

W. Macqueen Pope, historian of the British stage, was hurrying
through Bull Inn Yard, a shadowy lane adjoining the Adelphi Theatre,
when he saw a man approaching from the other end.He had a frank, open face,
showing oddity familiar. His
clothes were old-fashioned—a
cloak fluttered from his
shoulders and he wore a large
slouch hat.They passed and Pope turned
to look back, wondering where
he had seen that face before.
But the man had vanished."You see lots of curious types
in London," said Pope, "so I
did not think about it again
until I ran into a friend who
is a high official of the BBC.
He said he had seen the same
man, in the same place, dressed
the same way, 30 years ago!"Now this story becomes a
postscript to one of the most
celebrated cases in the annals
of the inexplicable. On Decem-
ber 16, 1897, William Terriss,
father of the great Ellaline
Terriss and himself one of
Britain's leading actors, hadchecked at the presentation of
an understudy that he would
be murdered.The understudy, Levison Lane,
had been so disturbed by a
dream in which he saw Terriss
dying of stab wounds inside
the Adelphi, with the cast
grouped around him, that he
insisted on telling the company
about it.He said he had a feeling
that death had become Terriss'
companion.The star only laughed and
another member of the com-
pany said: "All understudies
dream the star is murdered."
As he left the theatre after
the matinee, Terriss was con-
fronted by a bit player upset
because he had been dropped
from the company. Terriss
promised he would take him on
again the next play and gave
him some coins. With the
money, the extra bought a
butcher knife.

No Doubt

That evening, as Terriss and
a friend he had met at dinner
approached his private door to
the theatre in Bull Inn Yard,
the extra sprang from the
shadows and stabbed him.
The friend helped Terriss in-
to the theatre. There he died,
with the cast grouped around
him, exactly as the understudy
had dreamed.The surname of Terriss'
companion was — actually —
Death!When Pope heard this
bizarre tale, he went back to
Bull Inn Yard. The spot at
which he had seen the stranger
vanish was exactly where
Terriss used to enter the
Adelphi by his private door.
"I looked up an old portrait,"
Mr. Pope said. "There is no
doubt about it—it was a ghost
—the ghost of Terriss!"
—United Press.Canton Man
Celebrates His
100th BirthdayCarnegie residents wound up
three days of celebration here
for John Lum Seow, a Chinese
immigrant celebrating his 100th
birthday.Seow reached the century
mark on April 22.He was born in Canton, 1855,
and arrived in California during
the civil war. He became a US
citizen in 1899.His formula for long life:
"I don't know why I live so
long. All I can say is: Don't
go crooked. Go straight! Don't
owe nobody."He received birthday greetings
from President and Mrs. Eisen-
hower and Oklahoma Governor
Raymond Gary. —United Press.Now Push Buttons
Don't Need Pushing

Washington.

Push-button civilization is not enough. We're head-
ing for push buttons that are smart enough to operate
without any pushing.Mr. Bill Nessell who is in
charge of the research com-
mittee for the National Air-
Conditioning and Air-Cooling
Association has spent the better
part of a lifetime figuring out
ways to make people comfort-
able in their homes."Same day," he said, "the
buttons will make your home so
comfortable, you'll have to run outside occasionally
to get some fresh air."He appreciates how much you are
enjoying home life.Today's air-conditioned home,
Mr. Nessell said, is already
fairly controlled by electronics.
And in the future temperature,
humidity and air circulation will
be so ideal you won't be con-
scious of them.Mr. Nessell said present-day
heating plants and electronic
controls are 100 times more
sensitive to the elements than
humans.

House Smells Too

"One system," he added,
"uses a thermostat outside the
house to tip off the furnace to
whip up the heat before the
cold air comes inside. But take
other comfort factors like
humidity."Humidity can be awfully
unhealthy when there is too
little, and very uncomfortable
when there is too much. And
humidity is just one of the
things that air conditioning
regulates.Air conditioning, Mr. Nessell
will have you know, gets rid of
house smells like the cooking of
candies. It is made to filter
the air and take out the
impurities and it keeps the
air moist.

CAPITOL FITZ

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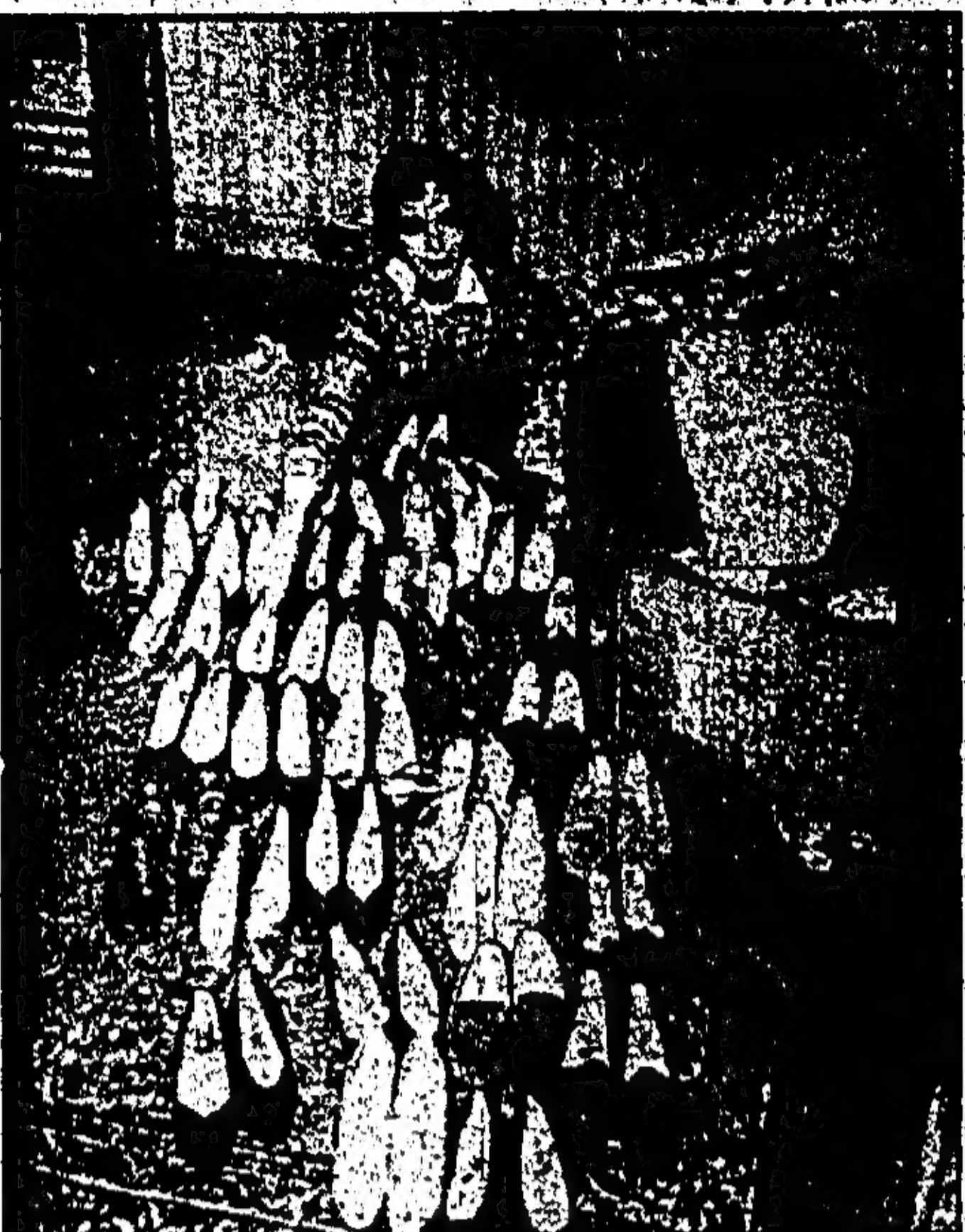
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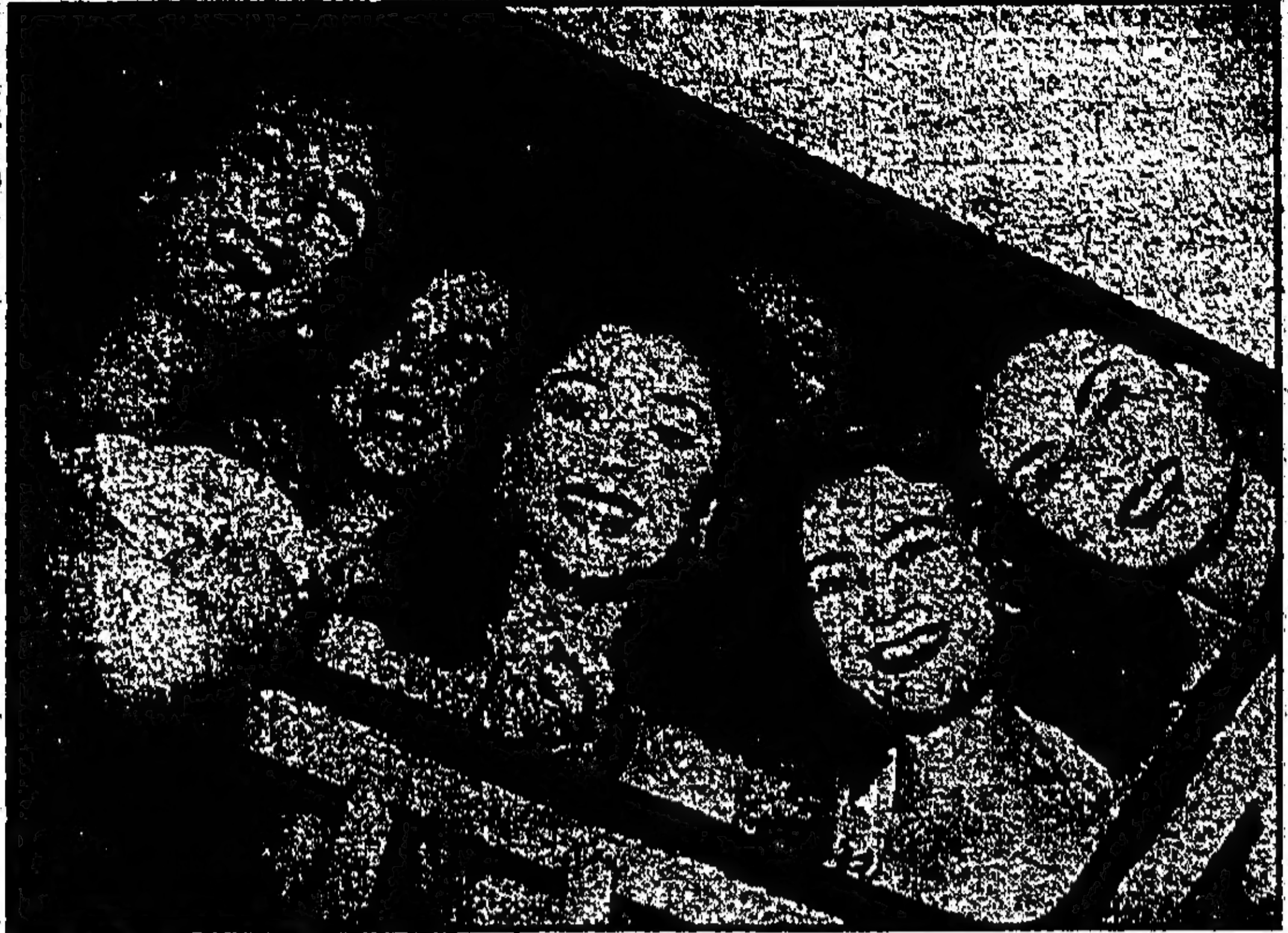
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ITALIAN-BORN Maria Scarafia, who has risen in two years to be one of London's top fashion models, has difficulty deciding what shoes to take on her holiday trip to New York. She has to choose from 40 pairs to make the limited air luggage weight. (Express)



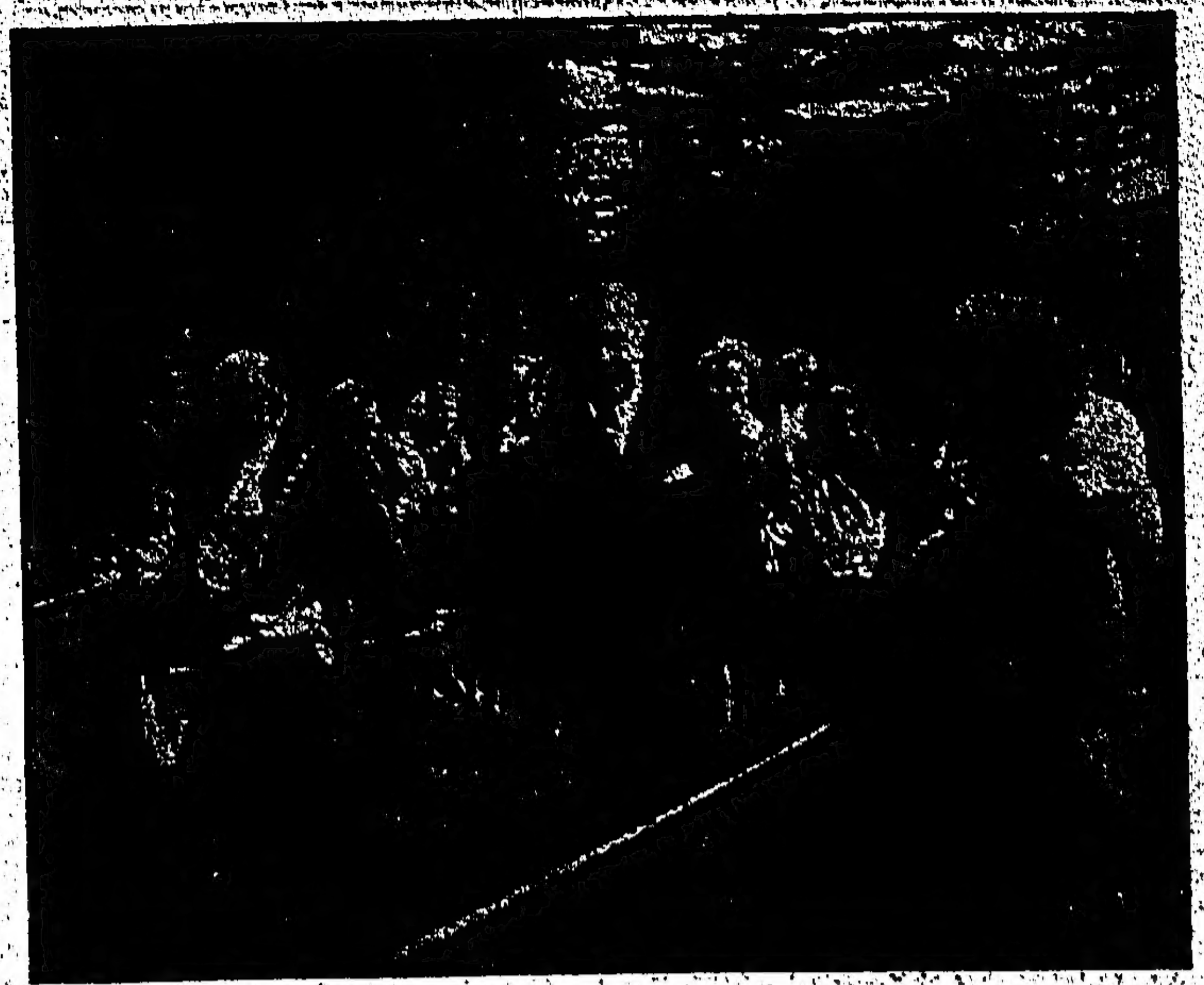
PICTURED here are six of London's loveliest girls who were invited by Mr William Rees-Davies, 38-year-old Conservative MP for Thanet, to a pre-election party. The six are, from left: Margaret Benn, model; Barbara Rolf, drama student; Maureen Swanson, actress; Fleur Kirwan, society girl; Pat Downey, model; Eunice Melville, dancer. (Express)



LEFT: Clinging precariously to nets 25 feet above the stage of London's Piccadilly Theatre, calypso dancers Roy Carr and Apelta demonstrate something new in the technique of kissing. This is a scene from the all-Negro musical, "The Jazz Train," which promises to have a long run. (Express)



DIANA CILENTO as Helen in Christopher Fry's version of the French play, "The Trojan War Will Not Take Place," presented at Manchester last week. Unknown two years ago, Diana is now making a big name for herself in British films. (Express)



A smile that is worth thousands of votes to the Conservative Party. Sir Anthony Eden greeting loyal supporters at Leamington Spa, who first sent him to the House of Commons in 1923. (Express)



BELOW: The 1st Training Battalion, RASC, Aldershot team (Cpl B. Zegg, Pte B. Saunders and Pte P. Smith) who won the Inter-Unit Team Championship of Southern Command for cookery. The winning team at work before the judging. (Army News)

HERE is a novel idea put into practice by Bradford cinema manager Eric Douglas. It is the "Cry Room," where mothers can take their restless and noisy children during a performance. There they can still watch the show while the youngsters cry, without disturbing the rest of the audience. (Express)

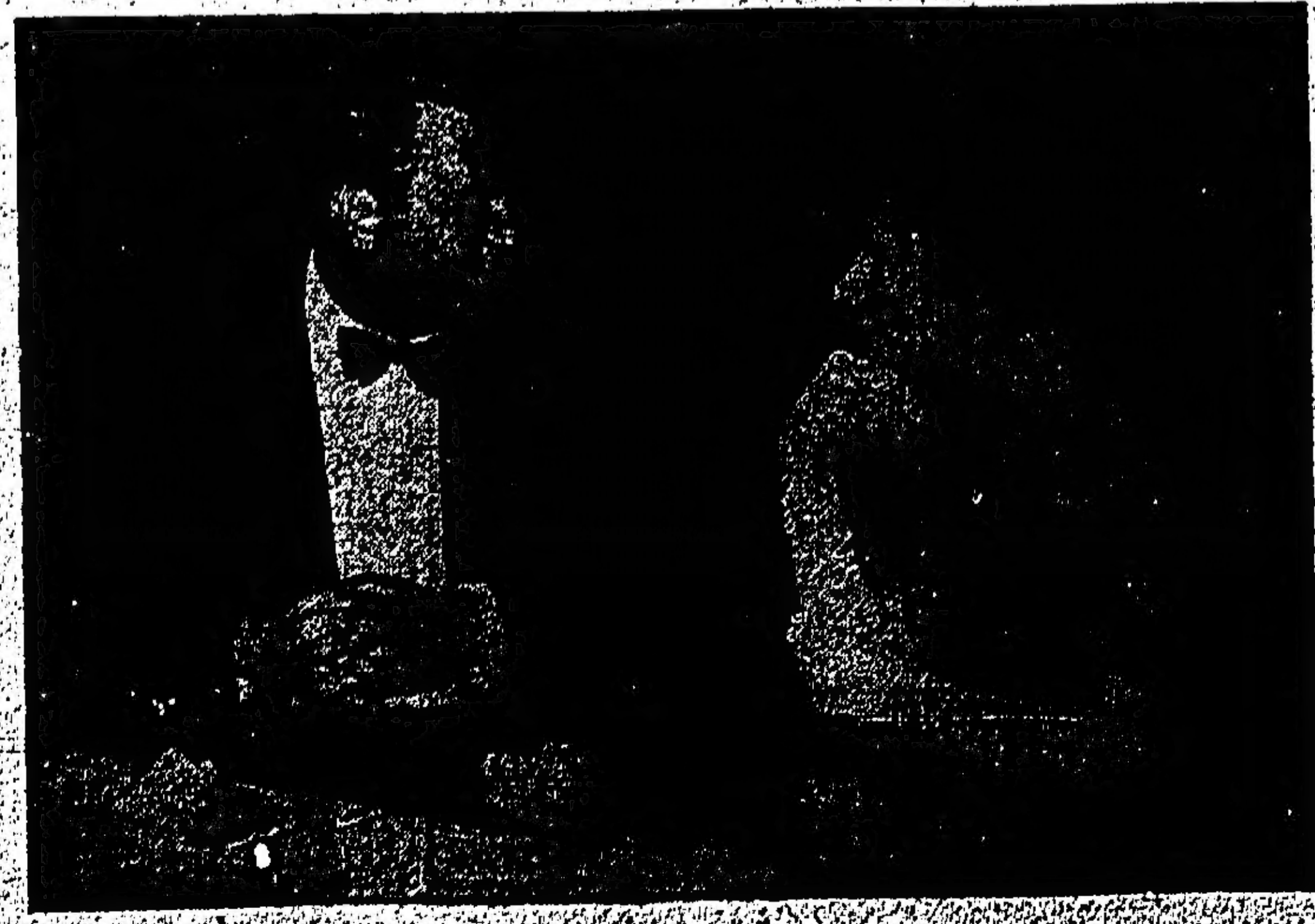


FOUR of the crew of the 20-metre yacht, 'Active,' which ran aground in thick fog near Calais a day out of England on the first leg of a round-world trip. From left: Dennis Chittenden, Robert Amls, John Pilgrim and Sheila Hildreth. (Express)

BELOW: House of Commons activities kept many male members away from the Primrose League dinner dance at the Savoy Hotel, London. Among those who attended without her husband was Lady Eden, seen here talking with Lord Fairfax. (Express)



BLACK-BEARDED, 44-year-old Bernard Hallstone, who has been chosen by Sir Winston Churchill to paint his portrait in the uniform of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He is seen with the preliminary colour sketch. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

PERIL FOR THE FINNS

By Lewis Nelson

THERE is a deep furrow on President Juho Paasikivi's brow. Nobody is saying anything officially but the grand old man of Finnish politics—the man whose soft voice and hard bargaining have so far kept the Russians out of Finland—is worried.

Intelligence reports pouring into Finnish naval headquarters prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the Russians have quietly gained complete sea control of the Baltic.

There is furious building activity in the little strip of land a few miles outside Helsinki which the Russians acquired as a base under the terms of the World War II peace treaty.

And the Russians have put their submarines in the Baltic into battle order.

There are—according to the latest reports—270 of the submarines.

And the only hope of defending Finland if the Russians decide to get rough lies in the almost instant landing of a large body of Western troops.

For under the terms of the treaty the Finns are allowed to maintain no army of their own, except a force for "internal security".

NO ACCIDENT

And, technically, the Russians have a right to occupy the country in event of attack.

It is, however, no accident that most of the "internal security" force is devoted to watching the Russian border for any signs that the Russians are on the move.

Paasikivi has devoted most of his life to preventing a Russian take-over. His work up to now looks almost like a miracle. Finland is the only part of the old Russian Empire which is not under Russian domination.

Paasikivi first negotiated his country's freedom in 1920. Then he resigned as Prime Minister and stayed on as Ambassador to Moscow during the inter-war years—studying the Russians, keeping them cool, warning them.

In 1939, the Russians attacked. The Finns beat them off—and Paasikivi negotiated a peace while the going was good.

In 1944, there was another bout with the Russians, and in 1945 Paasikivi negotiated the current treaty.

It was the best he could do—and so far it has worked.

But as NATO's strength builds up, the Russians grow restive; Finland, the gateway to Scandinavia, would be handy. The Finns could hardly put up a fight. They cannot be members of NATO.

PUBLICITY BET

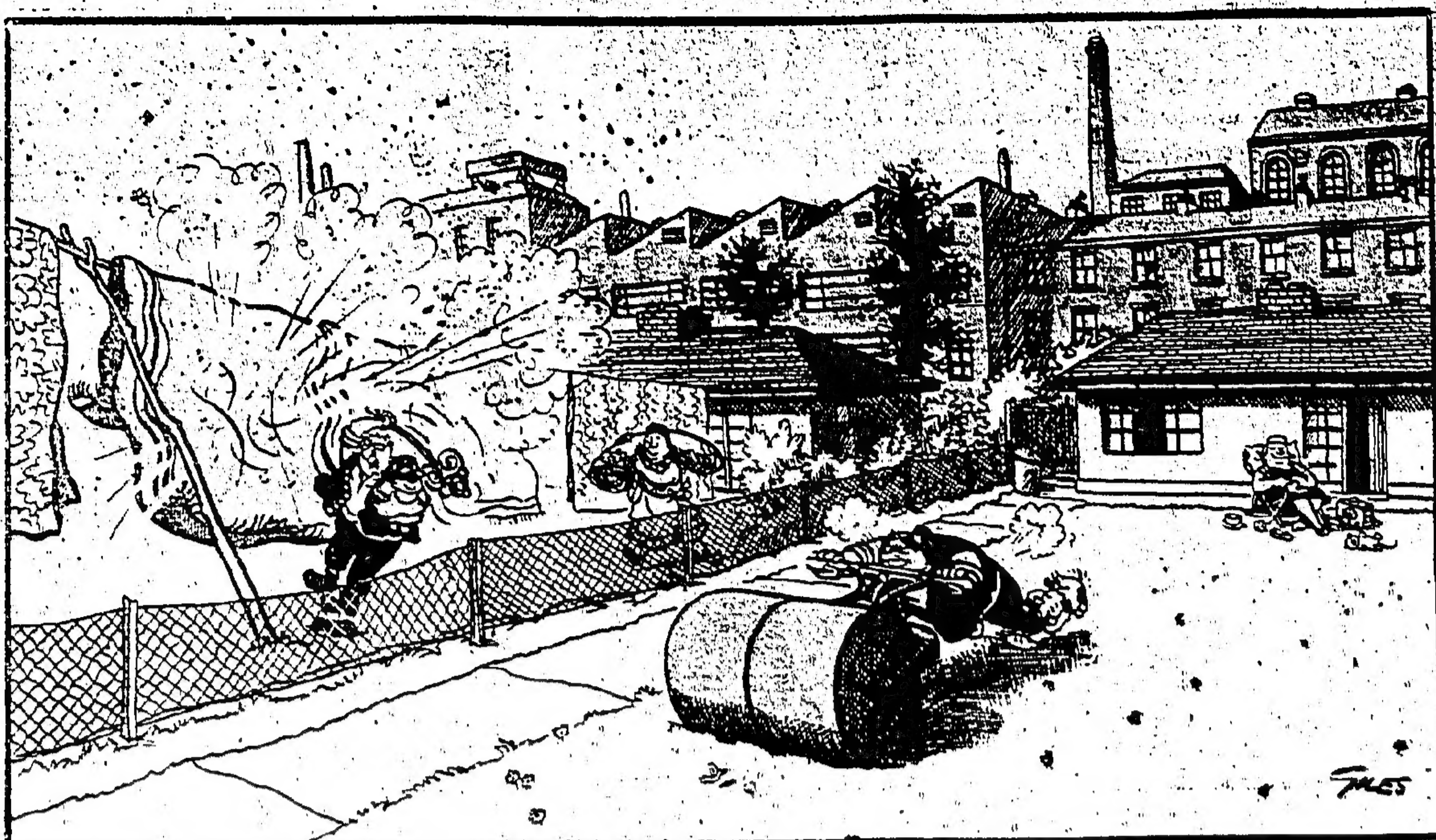
Quietly, Paasikivi has warned them that if they act, he will call help. He would almost certainly have received it, for everyone is aware of the strategic importance of Finland, with its face to the Baltic, its northern frontier and route to Scandinavia, and its back to the Russian border.

Now he could call for help until his lungs were out and no one could get it to him.

He will survive for just as long as the Russians decide that it's a good publicity bet to show the world how peaceful are its intentions towards its neighbors.

And that is just as long as Juho Paasikivi can keep talking effectively.

But he is an old man. And no one else in Finland has ever had much luck with the Russians.



"This is one reason why I voted not to strike!"

London Express Service

He stole the Crown Jewels... But history does not tell us about that mysterious interview with Charles II...

WHY WAS COLONEL BLOOD FORGIVEN?

I WONDER just what was said, that morning 283 years ago when King Charles II stood face to face with the man who had stolen the Crown Jewels—and almost got away with them?

In a private room in Whitehall Palace the King, more noted for his meriment than his personal bravery, gave private audience to Colonel Thomas Blood, one of England's boldest adventurers.

Whatever passed between them it must have been worth listening to. For it saved Blood from the certainty of the gallows; it made him a member of the Court; and, even more remarkable, it resulted in Blood's land in Ireland (which he had gained through fighting for Oliver Cromwell and lost after the Restoration) being restored to him.

Probably no one will ever know what Blood said to the King in the privacy of that room. There have been many theories—some of them reasonable, some which fit snugly into the pattern of history, some of them pipe dreams.

It remains one of the world's mysteries.

Thomas Blood was born in Ireland, probably in Dublin somewhere round about the year 1620. His father had an iron works and was reasonably well-to-do.

Of Thomas Blood's education and early life we know nothing. He first came into the pages of history by siding with Oliver Cromwell and becoming eventually a

colonel in his army. When Cromwell became Protector of England Colonel Blood, like other leaders in Cromwell's forces, was given land in Ireland and might have been content to settle down and become one of the landed gentry.

But with the Restoration which put Charles II on the throne, Colonel Blood's lands were confiscated. They were given to the Duke of Ormonde, and from then on Colonel Blood pursued a ceaseless feud against the Duke, twice attempting to murder him.

The first of these plots was to seize Dublin Castle, the seat of the Duke, by tricking the guards into scrambling for leaves of white bread while Blood's men forced their way in. But the plot failed and Blood fled to Holland.

The next attempt came seven years later when, after a fugitive life in England, Ireland and on the Continent, often in disguise and with a price on his head, Blood attacked the Duke in St James's Street.

With five cut-throats he waylaid the Duke's coach and the Duke was overpowered. Blood's plan was to string his old enemy up on Tyburn gibbet, but the coachman raised the alarm and after a tremendous struggle the Duke escaped.

A Royal Proclamation went out offering a thousand pounds for his capture, but this, far from deterring Colonel Blood, seems only to have encouraged his next, and most daring, adventure.

It was within a few months—on May 9, 1671—that he made his attempt to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London.

A day or so earlier Blood, dressed as a Doctor of Divinity, in a false beard and accompanied by a woman whom he pretended was his wife, visited the Tower to see the jewels. The woman feigned a faint and

Richard Herd

recalls one of the world's strangest stories



COLONEL BLOOD

the kindly old Keeper of the Jewels, Talbot Edwards, took her upstairs in his home, gave her a drink and allowed her to rest on a bed.

"Parson" Blood was overgrateful and three days later returned to the Tower with a present—four pairs of white gloves—for Mrs Edwards. The Keeper and he became quite friendly, and Blood let it be known that he had a handsome young nephew with a substantial income who would be a fitting match for Talbot Edwards's pretty daughter.

The details were arranged there and then and Blood agreed to bring the nephew early on the morning of May 9. Miss Edwards was peeping out of the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of her possible husband-to-be, when Blood with three other men called at the Jewel House. Two of them went with Blood, and the third, whom Miss Edwards assumed was the shy lover, remained some distance away. In fact he, like the other two cut-throats, was one of Blood's confederates. All had rapiers in their walking sticks, daggers in their belts and pistols in their pockets.

Blood explained to Talbot Edwards that his wife had been slightly delayed and suggested that while waiting for her they fill in the time by having a look at the Crown Jewels. Old Talbot, who was a very old man, and as he led the way into the room where the jewels were kept, he kept them up stairs, and as he led the way into the room where the jewels were kept, he kept them up stairs, and as he led the way into the room where the jewels were kept, he kept them up stairs.

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reason and gave the alarm. His grant could have been in payment for his silence.

Whatever the reason for the King's strange clemency Blood became a very powerful member of the Court, and for a while seekers after favour made their applications through him. No one seems to have trusted him and even when he died rumours had it that he had staged a disappearance and that the corpse was not his. To prove it his body was dug up from its grave in Topham fields and then identified at an inquest before being finally returned.

It seemed certain that he would be executed, but Blood's behaviour was astonishing. He refused to say who was with him in the plot, and he presumptuously demanded a private audience with the King. Only to him, he said, would he tell all. And the King, amazed at the daring feat of the whole affair—agreed to see him. Courtiers were amazed that Charles should consent to risk his life with the bold, bad Colonel Blood. But see him he did.

The door was shut behind them, the courtiers kept outside, and Blood and the King were left together. Shortly afterwards the King announced that he had pardoned Colonel Blood, had restored to him his lands and had invited him to attend the Court.

One explanation put forward for this volte face is that Blood threatened the King, saying that the rest of the gang would murder him if Blood were executed. It is a flimsy theory because, regardless of the outcome, King Charles must have had some special reason to agree to see him in the first place. Also the chances of the King being attacked were remote.

Another theory is that, hidden inside the Scoop was a copy of the Secret Treaty of Dover which Charles had made with Louis XIV and that the King knew that Colonel Blood must have seen it when it was sewn in half and that he saved Blood's life in exchange for his silence.

But the most likely theory of all is that King Charles was so short of money that he was in



CHARLES II

the plot to steal the Crown Jewels—was in fact the instigator of it. The timely arrival of young Edwards seems too much of a coincidence and old man room where the jewels were kept they attacked him, struck wards given grants of two hundred pounds and one hundred pounds that if he shouted they would kill him, and then began putting the Crown Jewels into his swag bag.

The Crown had to be kept almost fast to get it and in nearly 81. It seems possible that Charles II, Blood and the Earl of Shaftesbury were all in the plot was so long that they had to say it in two.

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YANKS LIKE ENGLISH GIRLS

From Ralph Roland

UNITED STATES servicemen here marry about 300 English girls a month. And it's a safe bet that most of the girls they marry don't even know what "pedal-pushers" and "don't wear drain-pipe slacks" mean.

For it has been reckoned by an unofficial poll that several hundred American servicemen here say they prefer English girls because they are "feminine."

Three big-name Americans in London added their names to the list of those who like their girls "feminine" and added more reasons for the state of Anglo-American marriages.

Said Charles writer Raymond Chandler: "Sweet, nice."

And John Barrymore Jr., son of "The Great Profile," agreed that women were made for dresses, not trousers.

Maybe a skirt did attract a GI—but what attracted him just as much was the way English girls flattered him.

"They aren't so spoiled or demanding as American girls—and they pay more attention to their boy friends."

And slacks? Well, only if a girl was pretty slim and had the right kind of legs—long and shapely. And, unfortunately, said Mr Chandler, there weren't very many of that kind around these days.

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"They aren't so spoiled or demanding as American girls—and they pay more attention to their boy friends."

Harold Lloyd Jr., 24-year-old son of the old-time comic, who

has just finished making a film, "A Yank in Ermine"—a story about a GI who inherits an enormous fortune—didn't blame the American girls for their "pedal-pushers" and "don't wear drain-pipe slacks."

Said he: "So many of the wrong women wear slacks. Jeans with an unbuttoned-in shirt look horrible on men—but just indescribable on women."

"English girls have such pretty soft, complexioned faces that they always wear feminine clothes."

But when it got down to details there really wasn't much between the US girl and the English girl. English girls, said Lloyd, just the same way said Lloyd—only the men didn't know it.

ADRIFT... ALONE... in a sinking plane

Concluding THE EXPLOITS
OF THE GOLDFISH CLUB

"BOMB doors open!" The air speed of the Mosquito shot above 800 as they screamed down over the sidings of Apalon railway station in Jap-held lower Burma.

Two hundred feet, one hundred and fifty feet, a hundred feet....

For a split second Charles Locke, the pilot, could make out every detail of the station—the camouflage paint on the sides of the trucks, a Jap soldier diving for cover.

Then he pressed the bomb-release button on the control column. In the same instant there was a terrific crack and a roar as the whole aircraft kicked like a viciously spurred horse. The cockpit was full of smoke and dust, and below the rudder pedals appeared a gaping hole in the floor. His feet were almost scraping the tree-tops.

Both engines were going broom-bang, broom-bang, broom-bang, rhythmically, like a mad orchestra. He pulled back the stick and held his breath until the aircraft answered, staggering over the trees like a pheasant into wind.

Three other Mosquitos had taken off with Locke's from an airfield near Mandalay that morning. Now a battle of wits from the other planes seemed to burst like shrapnel in his ears over the R/T.

Glowing red

"CHAS, you've been hit! Chas, you've been hit!" There were a dozen things to do, but first he reached down to his left and switched on his R/T, just to show them that he was still the same old Chas. "You're bloody telling me," he said.

The fuel-pressure warning lights were glowing red. He shouted at Nicolson, his navigator: "Change to outer wing-tanks!" He usually liked to keep a few gallons in the outer tanks for emergency, but today, of all days, he had run the outer tanks nearly dry.

Nicolson tried to close the bomb doors, but nothing happened. They were jammed. Jammed bomb doors for a crash-landing. That was just lovely. It meant the whole

hydraulics system—under-carriage, flaps, everything.

There was only one chance. Strike across the Gulf of Martaban for the coast off Ran-koon. It couldn't be more than 15 or 20 minutes flying. They might just make it.

One thing he knew for certain—he wasn't coming down behind the Jap lines while the aircraft still flew. But there was Nicky to think of. He must give Nicky the chance to bail out. There wasn't much hope for them if they failed to reach the Rangoon coast.

"We've got about 1,000 feet, Nicky," he said. "That'll be enough height. You'd better bail out, old son."

"What makes you think you can get across the gulf without a navigator?" said Nicky. "Let's go."

Nicolson gave Locke a course to steer. It was almost exactly 100 miles across the gulf at this point. Locke reckoned they had petrol for perhaps 80 or 70 miles. Perhaps 80. Perhaps 90. Perhaps even 100. But if they could only get in sight of land that might be enough.

He watched the other aircraft forming on him. It was good to have company at a time like this. Joel, the leader, called him on the R/T.

HE FOUGHT FOR LIFE

FOR FIVE HOURS AS

THE WATER ROSE AND ROSE

AND THEN—WITH A MINUTE

TO SPARE—CAME HOPE...

By RALPH BARKER

"Hello, Chas. I'm going to gain height so that I can get in radio touch with base. I'll give them your course and position and so on. I'll climb to about 6,000 and keep a watch on you from there."

"Good show, sir." Even if they came down in the sea there would still be a chance.

"Half-way across," said Nicolson presently.

Showed empty

If only the old tub would keep going for ten more minutes. He looked again at the needles on the petrol gauges. They still showed empty. They must be running on air.

"Any second now the engines might cut."

"Look!" shouted Nicolson suddenly. "Land dead ahead!"

Locke could already make out the details of the coastline some ten miles distant. In the same moment the engines coughed and spluttered their derision and finally cut.

"Turn on to main tanks, Nicky! Jetison escape hatch!" Nicolson already had his hand on the petrol cocks, and he turned them over instantly. The engines cut dead. The main tanks were gone dry. He jetisoned the hatch.

Locke called the formation.

"That's the lot," he said. "The tanks are bone dry. I'm ditching."

"Good luck, Chas."

The sea was calm and they rushed down towards it at a hundred and eighty miles an hour.

The tail streaked prettily along the surface of the sea, breaking the aircraft gently. It was the perfect tail-down ditching.

Men in the three aircraft circling overhead saw the water pluming out behind the ditching aircraft like the wake of a yacht. But when the nose dipped to make impact with the water, the open bomb-doors churned into the sea and a wall of water struck the rear bulkhead and snapped and splintered the wooden fuselage like a rotten tea-chest.

The nose of the aircraft was gutted, its tail severed, its back broken. Volumes of water cascaded skywards like waves beating on a mole.

As the aircraft broke up, Locke was conscious of the scream of rending metal and wood, and of a huge wall of water smashing over the front of the cockpit. He was vaguely conscious too of Nicky being thrown forward beside him, and simultaneously he was flung out into a strange darkness.

Locke felt himself going down, down to unknown depths, his consciousness dwindling and evaporating until his whole being was concentrated in a pinpoint of light between his eyes. As he went he felt his body being struck all over by bits of wreckage.

Everything was eerie and silent, like a dream. It was not until he began to feel the need for air that he realised he was still alive.

Hopeless

He felt his movements strangely constricted, and then he realised that his parachute and harness were jampering him. He snapped the quick-release box and struggled free. He had no idea what depth he had reached, but it seemed to him that he was at the bottom of the sea.

The pinpoint of light seemed to be receding into the distance, and yet he had a sensation that he was becoming a whole person again. He saw that the water around him was changing to a paler green. The pressure on his lungs seemed lighter, and yet he could hold his breath no longer. Almost at the same moment as he began to gasp and so let water into his lungs he broke the surface.

Somehow he was alive. Dazed with confusion and shock, he felt no elation, only surprise.

He looked quickly round and saw in the same moment the wreck of the Mosquito, the fuselage, and the tail unit some distance apart, and drifting steadily away to the south, the dinghy. He was suddenly aware that every bone in his body ached as though it had been

Locke felt himself going down to unknown depths

twisted and tortured and hammered. His head was numb and he put his hand up to his forehead. When he withdrew his hand it was covered in blood.

He looked up and saw the three Mosquitos wheeling round overhead, like angry birds. He saw land in the distance, unattainable yet unbearably near. When he looked back at the wreckage he saw the tail unit flounder and sink.

He had no hope of reaching the dinghy. He tried to strike out towards the remains of the wreck and presently he looked straight up into the jaws of the smashed fuselage.

He floundered and flopped his way to the rear of the broken centre strip, his clothes like lead weights and his head nearly awash. Then he grabbed hold of the wreckage and supported himself, thankfully, all—but exhausted.

He looked desperately around for Nicky, but knew as he did so that it was hopeless.

Nicky must have died when they ditched.

He began to pull himself up into the shelter of the broken fuselage.

At once the pain was so excruciating that he felt himself about to faint. If he fell back into the sea, unconscious, he would drown. He remembered the whisky flask in his flying suit.

Still circling

He had saved some of his spirit ration month by month, to fill that flask. Many a night in the mess tent when the party spirit was at his height and the whisky was running low he had been tempted to have a swig or two from his flask. But he had never done so. Now he found the flask and drank. Warmth and strength coursed through him and he felt ridiculously elated.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



He looked back towards the coastline, but the land was gone. He must have drifted a long way south, far out to sea. Even if anyone was looking for him they would never find him now.

The water was up to his armpits now. The sea was rougher and sometimes water splashed into his face.

Then suddenly he had a queer victorious sensation in his ears, and he saw two aircraft fly directly overhead. The Spitfires were back.

This time they came right down low and dived straight at him wagging their wings. They must have seen him this time.

His ears detected a different engine noise, and looking up he saw a Lysander struggling across the sky. He saw the rear gunner hanging something over the side of his cockpit and seconds later there was a great spouting cascade of water 30 to 40 yards away. When the water subsided he saw a large yellow dinghy floating away downwind on the troubled sea. Didn't they know that he suffered the most appalling pain even when he tried to lift himself higher in the water?

Paralysed

WATER was nearly up to his neck now. Shocks of indigestible pain paralysed his every movement, but somehow he raised himself a few inches.

The chug-chug note of an unfamiliar engine suddenly reverberated in his ears. The dinghy came closer, and his heart gave a wild leap as he recognised an air-sea rescue aircraft almost hovering beside him. A Sea Otter! A plane that could land on the sea!

Locke watched the amphibian fly off purposefully downwind and then turn up into wind for an approach. Line pulleys lowered down about a hundred yards away. Then it began to taxi towards the wreckage. The sea was still rough and the Sea Otter stopped some 30 yards distant, evidently afraid of ramming the wreck. A figure appeared in the nose of the plane, standing up in the open-air front hatch as a Mac West, looking a rope.

Flung rope

NOW the amphibian began to describe a circle of a radius of about 20 yards around the wreckage. Can figure in the front cockpit along the rope and it fell yards short. Round came the Sea Otter again, taxiing downwind, and a second time the rope fell short. The third time the rope struck the wreckage fuselage somewhere behind him and he claved at it ineffectually. Then it was thrown too late, and then too soon.

The Sea Otter went on circling, five or six times, seven times, the plunging rope last-

It puffs and it puffs and— IT EASES THE JET DOWN

By W. A. WATERTON

GREATER loads, smaller airfields. That is the object of techniques now being studied for future versions of the Bristol Britannia turbo-prop air-liner.

When Britain's newest commercial plane is given lower take-off and landing speeds both these are possible. They would give the Britannia an immense advantage over any transport plane in the air today.

Experiments concern the flow of air over an aircraft's wings. This is what gives a plane its "lift."

For two years American Navy fighters have been using a simple system of keeping air flowing smoothly when landing flaps are lowered. Eddies are

eliminated, slower speeds are possible, and a ton more load can be carried.

This plan may now be applied to the Britannia. Engineers say the new B.E. 23 "supercharged" turbo-prop engine is ideal for the purpose. Its compressors produce such a surplus of air that some of it would be blown over the trailing edge of the Britannia's wings to give the smoothing effect.

Experts say the landing speed of a Britannia could be reduced by a fifth. The plane would be able to use small airfields barred on present routes. Operating costs would be reduced.

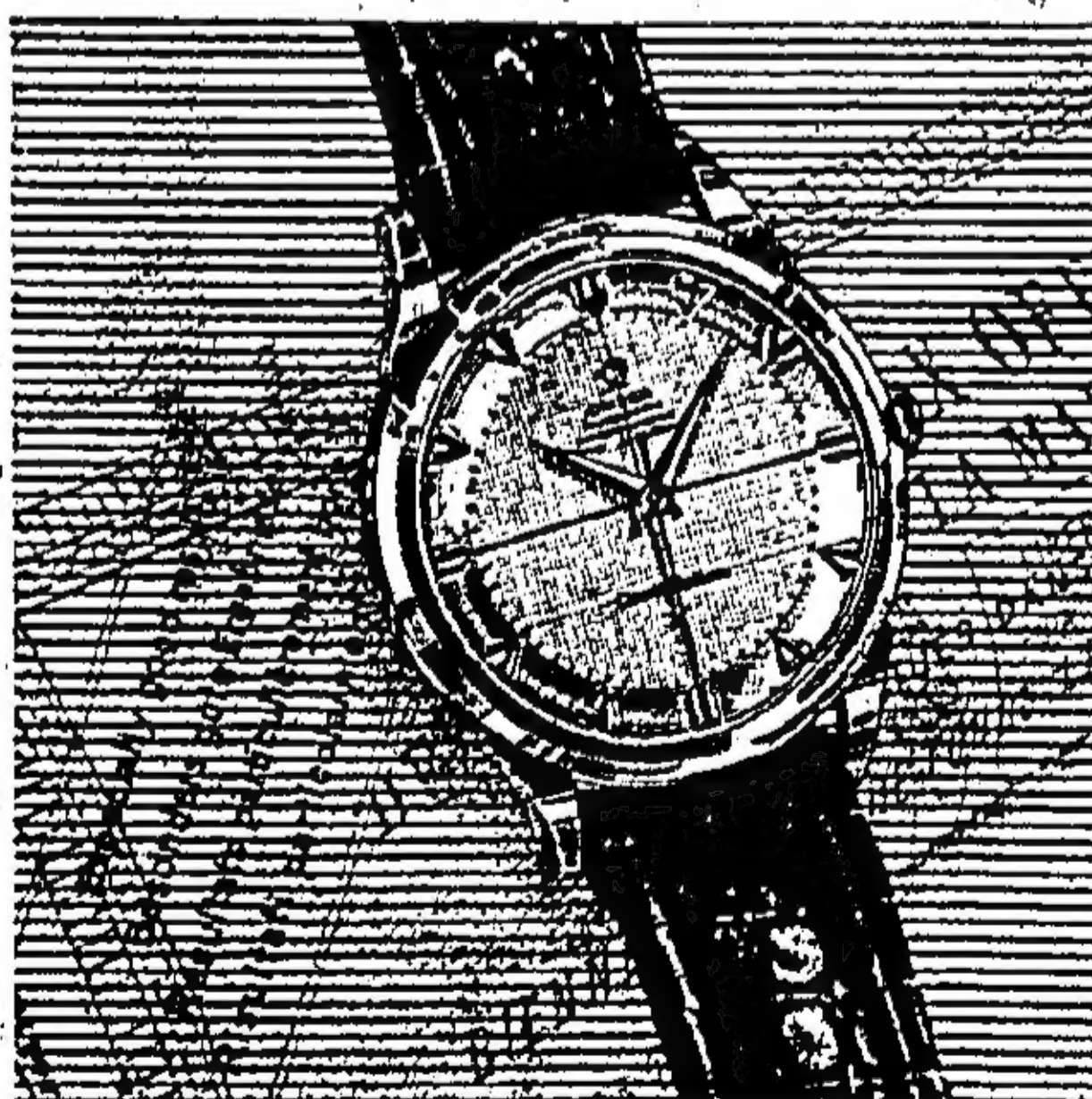
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

What this new
self-winding chronometer
means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

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TALK ABOUT MAGIC!
Have you seen
Admiral
AIR CONDITIONERS
AND REFRIGERATORS

Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P. asks:

Can The Russian Be My Brother?

I was in the early autumn of 1946 that our convoy of three army motor cars with motor cycle escorts stopped on the autobahn at what looked like a frontier scene in a Western movie.

We had travelled from the Rhine to the Berlin outskirts on the vast sweeping roads which Hitler had built ostensibly for "the people and the people's car" but which were primarily for rushing motorised units from one front to the other in war. We were en route to Berlin and, as today, we had to pass through the zone occupied by the Russians.

A Russian sentry, supported by two others who were armed to the teeth, ordered us to advance and show our passports and military visas. As "passports" and "military visas" were the only English they knew, and as we spoke no Russian, the frontier nature of the occasion was somewhat circumscribed.

Upside Down

The sentry solemnly read my passport upside down as if he suspected the worst. Lorries full of armed round-headed Russians paused to have a look at us, but there was no sign of friendliness. Even when we reached the hideous wreckage that had once been Berlin, the Russian sentry outside the bunker where Hitler died confiscated the attache case of one of my colleagues. "Goodness

knows what was in his mind. Perhaps he just wanted an attache case.

Two more vignettes—and we shall change to a broader canvas.

Somewhere in Berlin there was a building sufficiently unharmed to hold a conference of the four occupying Powers—Britain, France, America and Russia.

Four sentries, representing the Powers, were standing on duty in the entrance. Suddenly the Russian, throw down his rifle and, seizing the American round the waist, whirled him about in a wild-waltz. Then smiling broadly he sat down and allowed the GI to recover his composure.

Waved Back

Finally... at the Russian War Memorial in Unter Den Linden a handsome blond Soviet soldier was on guard. We waved to him and with a shy, attractive smile, he waved back.

At that time the Russians were our allies. Suffering terrible casualties, they had fought their way through the defences of Berlin and established their right, along with us, of conquest and tenure. The final decision was to partition the German capital. With all the grim consequences that have stemmed from that unnatural operation.

I have deep sympathy for the countless Russian homes that were bereaved in the war, but I have nothing but contempt for the pre-war and early-war policy of Russia. It was Stalin's pact with Hitler in 1939 that gave them "all clear" for the

Nazi attack against the West. It was Stalin's blind belief in his own astuteness, and in Hitler's promises, that caused Russia to be so poorly prepared for the eventual Nazi onslaught upon her.

And so deep was Stalin's distrust of Great Britain (even when we were allies) that when our convoys, running the cruel gauntlet of icy storms and submarine attacks, reached Archangel, Stalin would not allow our crews to go ashore for recreation.

Thus we stand in grateful tribute to the heroic dead of Stalingrad, yet gaze at the same time upon a regime that trusted no one, not even in the brotherhood of death.

Ten years have passed since then. Ten years without war on a vast scale. Ten years of troubled, blood-spotted peace.

At the United Nations Organisation, in its antiseptic, glassy, modern factory building in New York, Russia has sat at the council table as a full partner in the preservation and enforcement of peace. It is true that by a persistent use of the veto she has reduced UNO to a mere talking shop, but that is better than to have the Soviet suikling like a bear with a sore head on the banks of the Volga.

Way Of Life

Has it been worth while? Would it not have been more honest if, at the end of the Hitler war, the Western Allies had said to Russia: "You go your way and we shall go ours. We need not be enemies but, also, we need not pretend to friendship when our ways of life are so contrary to yours as day to night."

Before we answer that question, we must deal with the political, or, if you like, the evangelical character of Russia's development since the November Revolution in 1917. Is Communism an economic policy or is it a religion? Is it a religion, by its nature, a call to revolution, or is it an economic creed based upon the confiscation and the re-distribution of wealth?

A Tyranny

Surely the answer is that Communism is, like the rule of the Tsars, a tyranny based upon the blind acceptance of the people. Almost the only difference is that Communist tyranny is more cruel and more efficient than that of the Tsars. The secret police, bad enough under the Romanoffs, are an armature of cruelty compared with the secret police of Communism.

Then, as Russia is a police state whose people are allowed to vote for only one party and whose creed calls for world revolution, can I, as a citizen of the British Empire and Commonwealth, regard the Russian as my brother? As a Christian, am I to open my heart and arms and cry: "Tovarich! Let me embrace you!"

Now comes the point where you, the reader, and I, the writer, may draw apart. I see no reason why a man should not be a Communist if he is such a fool or an opportunist as to want to be one. Nor would I deny to Communism the right to preach its doctrine any more than I would deny the same right to Conservatives, Socialists, Seventh Day Adventists, Douglas Creditors, or even the "Save the Gallows" brigade.

Communism is not so much a creed as it is an effective system

of robbing the individual of his freedom and harnessing him to the needs of the state and the Communist Party.

Here is the lesson yet to be learned. Neither Communism, nor Socialism, nor Nazism, nor Capitalism, can destroy the basic character of a people. We British are a product of the centuries. We are the offspring of heredity; we are the willing slaves of tradition.

It has been said that it was the grey skies of England that created the British character. Certainly it is the lone mists of the Highlands that gave birth to the romantic realism of the Scots. And so it was the vast lonely steppes that made Russia such fruitful soil for revolution.

Why should Russia and Great Britain fear each other? Why should we envy Russia or Russia envy us? Neither country is land hungry. Neither lacks security or opportunity. Neither is without allies. And if we need to establish any further ties of similarity, let us remind the Russians that it was London which gave sanctuary to the inefable bore—Karl Marx. In fact, it was in the British Museum that he wrote the dreary but effective pages of "Das Kapital."

Driven Back

So we come to the question of today. Can the Russian be my brother?

To answer "No" would be offensive. To answer "Yes" would look like sentimentalism, gullibility or opportunism. Certainly I want to visit Russia, but I do not wish to pretend that it is for the sole reason of seeing my blood brother on the Siberian Plains or in the underground railway of Moscow.



Then the thought flashed upon her; had she not seen that Rama would die of cobra bite? That was strange, for here was she about to prevent that occurrence. His death would give her freedom and happiness with the man she loved. Fool, to defy Fate! Why not let it happen? She had only to sit there, motionless, and let things take their course. The big cobra would slither out first, and Rama, directly in its path, by the doorway, would awake as it crawled over him and hit out... and then...

Slowly, she withdrew the hand she had instinctively stretched towards the quivering basket. Who was she to defy Fate? The lid creaked and shifted, fraction by fraction. Fascinated, she watched it heave, almost imperceptibly, and subside. How her eyes ached, higher and higher, until at last it fell softly on to the python sack beside it. The moonlight glinted on the shining coils of the snakes so closely packed in the basket. She saw the cobra lift its long neck questioning forward, and its hood swelled like a fan on either side of the narrow eager head.

In his sleep, Ramaswamy stirred, as if conscious of the menace threatening him. He lay in the tent, a night-bird shrilling excitedly, breaking the deadly stillness. In the further corner of the tiny hut the woman crouched frozen beside her sleeping son, staring at the loathsome creature, now quite beyond her control. The hood swayed gently, alert for an emergency, then, as no one moved, it dwindled and went flat, and the sinuous form glided softly over Rama. The woman's finger-nails dug into her flesh as she tried to silence her breathing. The moments seemed an eternity... and passed... as Rama never moved.

As she relaxed her tension, her foot touched the child, and he turned right over in his sleep, his head flung toward the cooing cobra. In a flash the cruel head rose and, with swelled-out hood, struck deeply into the little arm. His mother's anguished cry stabbed the night like a dagger. She had not known that in her palm it was written that she would be the slayer of her son.

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THE GYPSY WIFE

By Donald Stonard

THE piping had gone on all day, and all day she had sat under a blazing sky indifferently watching her husband and son catch snakes for the planter. She was proud of her boy; already at seven, he had learnt to play the six tunes of the snake-charmer's craft with professional skill, and knew no fear of any snake.

See him, how boldly he walks into that treacherous tangle of undergrowth, his small fingers dancing on his pipe-stem. See how his bright eyes watch for the snake to come to his piping and how, when it appears, he seizes its tail himself before calling for his father to pin down the head with a stick and grab it by the "throat." Yes, he was a son to be proud of! Never had the clan known one so young, so clever at the trade.

And she—she was young herself to be the mother of a child of seven. Young and very comely, yet she had been given in marriage at nine. All these years of married life had not spoiled her looks, for Ramaswamy, her husband, had treated her well. Now, at eighteen, she was in the prime of her beauty and, in her wild way, was aware of it and knew that men cast desiring eyes at her.

Being something of a coquette, she took trouble with her long black hair; oiled it and smoothed it well so that it did not hang matted like that of other gypsy women; and she had a way of gathering her bright scarlet and blue and emerald clothes into many folds, so that they flared around her silver-ankleted feet and dipped and swayed with every movement of her lissom hips.

And her voluptuous mouth, not yet spoiled by betel-chewing, as it was in time, was only the more attractive for the crimson stain of the betel-juice. Very red, it seemed, set in the rich, glossy brownness of her face. In her own way she was undoubtedly beautiful, and the old sage in the clan said Ramaswamy would do well to keep a watch on her. Yet she had always been faithful to him.

Her jaws worked as she thoughtfully chewed her betel. The dark round snake-basket at

her side was getting full. Five snakes they had caught, and now they were after another. The planter and his wife were very excited. They followed every movement of her husband and son as if they suspected that half-trick. Did they think that half-trick about the person and miraculously produced after a little piping without anyone noticing? Did they not know that no poisonous snake could resist the call of the pipes, with its promise of tender mice and frogs? How well old Rama played!

Often as she had heard him, she was not unmoved by the throbbing dominance of the high wailing tune, but he was becoming tuncic as the time went by. She, who had watched him at work for years, sensed his growing diffidence and covertly noticed the diminishing assurance of his touch in handling the more dangerous snakes. One day, his hand would falter, and then, she knew in her heart of hearts, in spite of all his wonderful charms and endowments, he would be fatally bitten.

Had she not read it in his palm, though, she had never dared to tell him in case he should beat her? And her own fortunes? She glanced at her upturned hand, but it could tell her nothing, and she had never had it read by the other women. After all, what did they know that she herself did not? Idly, she traced a line. That meant romance, but when? And with whom? The answer to that, at least, she knew.

Her thoughts stole back to a recent incident in camp of herself, and of another, whose good looks matched her own, meeting face to face in the jungle by which the tribe had pitched their tall-pole-huts. Anagi had stared at her as if she were an apparition, his bold, dark eyes appraising her loveliness with the sureness of much practice.

"Whither away so fast, lovely one," he had asked her boldly. "Let me pass," she had cried fiercely. She knew this Anagi, who had newly joined her comrades in every village and hamlet through which they wandered. He had picked her, intrigued her, but their paths had never crossed before. "Not so fast, why have I not seen the prettiest woman in the clan before?"

"Because you have eyes for so many, you miss the jewel for the dust," she had replied audaciously, and with a part of her dress she had passed on, splashing him with the water from her chatty. That had been the beginning of it, his easily excited passion had deve-

loped quickly, as hers had, into a love that neither had dreamt of. And now she knew that, for Anagi, she would gladly die. If not for stupid old Rama, how happy they could be together! Yet Rama had been kind to her, ever since the time when her parents had sold her as a little girl to him, the middle-aged chief of the clan.

She sighed and dug her heel vindictively into the soft sand. They were all coming towards her now, the planter, and his wife and a dozen estate coolies, jabbering like monkeys, following in the wake of her husband and son. What was that Rama held in his hand? A cobra? This time? But what a large one! And what was all the chattering about? Apparently the planter wanted to see this snake defanged, too, and Rama was refusing.

"No, sahiv, we have removed the teeth of the other five for you, but this one is different. See how large it is, how fierce. Of the seven kinds of cobra, this is the most savage. When we get home, not now, I must remove the fangs and collect the poison for medicine. See this black stone, it is made of the crushed teeth and the venom which we squeeze out of the snake's. When this is placed on a snake bite, it sucks up all the poison."

Idly, she watched them arguing and talking, conscious only that she was hungry, and that she would like to be back in camp where Anagi was. She wondered jealously what he was doing. At last, the palaver ended. Seven rupees changed hands. One rupee for each snake and one for a snake stone. Good, they would be well off for many days to come. She struggled to her feet, stiff after her long wait and beckoned to the boy.

"Son, you carry the python sack. I'll take the snake basket. It is heavy now with its burden of extra snakes. Your father will relieve you of the sack when we get to the bottom of the road."

It was evening, and they had many miles to go. By the time they reached their encampment, the moon was shining brightly, wearily they trudged, the planter and the donkeys, they carried their possessions on the march, until they reached their own hut, rather longer than the rest. The smouldering embers of the camp fires glowed dimly in the chilly twilight, for the gypsies liked their meals early and plenty of sleep. Away in a hut of ill-men, mowed, and trees took up its shadow in the alighting and, to the east, the

branches. The woman shivered suddenly. "The night is full of trouble," she murmured. Rama was tired and turned on her roughly. "Woman, cease thy wailing." She kept silent, for there was something in the air that stilled the quick return on her lips—a strange urgency fostered by the pulsing moonlight.

Quietly, she cooked for the man and her son. She could eat little herself, and when, having finished, they lay down to sleep, she, driven by her longing, went out into the night, and leant against a tree, alone, to dream awhile. Then, when she had been standing there some time, though she heard nothing, she knew that she was not alone and that Anagi was beside her. Neither of them smiled or greeted the other, but his breathing quickened perceptibly.

"Come with me and we will find another tribe where we will not be known and where we can be happy together," he whispered urgently. She did not turn. "The boy will not leave his father. How can I come without my son?"

"There will be others, finer, fairer, in the years ahead. Come with me quickly. Now!" His hands gripped her shoulders and bruised her flesh. She felt her whole soul go out to him, and yet she held back, the love of her son fighting against the love for her sweetheart.

"No, no, I cannot, I am afraid."

He laughed at that, mockingly. "A fine gypsy, you, to be scared so easily. Perhaps it is better I should find a woman of greater courage."

She turned anguished eyes on him. "Don't speak like that. I will come, only give me time. Not tonight, there is evil in the air tonight, but soon—tomorrow perhaps."

His arms went around her. "Tomorrow, love. As last he left her and wistfully she watched his lithe figure melt among the shadows, then slowly she went back to her hut.

Rama and the boy were asleep. The moonlight fell on their relaxed figures, and on the lithe, sleek body of the cobra. She sat down silently, her chin on her hands, thinking, watching them.

As she watched, she heard, in the utter stillness, an ominous creak of wicker and saw the string that looped the lid of the basket slip, gently asunder. Instinctively, her hand reached out to restrain the lid. Rama should have put the great cobra by itself into another basket. Suppose it escaped and bit someone? Why, it might be charged with a deadly poison. The cobra's body was entirely motionless. No reference is intended to any persons, living or dead.

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THE EDGE OF BEYOND

by Geoffrey Cotterell

- THIRD WEEK of the stories with a problem to solve—are they FACT or FICTION?
- EVERY DAY you are given an opportunity to decide: DID IT HAPPEN?

THE car in my life will always be the old Chev convertible. I bought it for 125 dollars in Buffalo, New York, and drove it across the States. My American friends thought this very courageous since it was more than 10 years old; which to them made it a sort of Genevieve.

But it looked pretty good to me and seemed to go well enough. There was even a button which started the hood rolling back, although a demonstration of this unfortunately caused a couple of tears in the worn out canvas; the hood stayed up after that.

The coachwork had obviously had a few knocks and the speedometer had stopped at 65,000 quite some time ago, but you couldn't have everything for 125 dollars.

Snow and Ice

Soon after I set off the great American winter began to nudge me. There was snow all through the Mid-West, a blizzard in Detroit and the world's latest breeze came of the lake at Chicago. But the Chev behaved splendidly and it had a very efficient little heater. In Nebraska the weather improved, the anti-freeze alcohol burned out and I was glad I had resisted all those men at the gas stations who had tried to sell me chains for the tyres.

I spent Christmas in Denver, the bustling, thriving Mile High City and, as it untiringly proclaims, the climate capital of the world. The sun was dazzling, the air was wonderful and at the end of the long straight streets you could see the Rockies. Plenty of snow up there but, unfortunately, in spite of the Crosby family singing about a white Christmas in all the shops and drug stores, none down in Denver. At one party I remember the hostess was in despair, for she had arranged to supply "Tom and Jerry," a drink for a strictly Dickensian Christmas—egg, yolk and whisky, mixed and served warm—and there were all the hired

sueching to the north and south in a long, noble line with glimpses of snow peaks. Directly ahead the spruce trees soared up against odd colour effects of purple, green and grey.

Soon, I was on the foothills and my ears buzzed as the Chev began to climb. Things became impressive. There were gorges, hairpin bends, sudden glimpses of great heights. Then the snow was piled up 20 ft. on either side, but the road was beautifully dry and the Chev sounded happy, though a little breathless.

The fairyland scenery went on and on, up and up to Bertoud Pass, which was 11,315 ft. high; there are almost as many notches in the Rockies as in Tottenham Court Road.

Home from home

Here was a ski lodge, crowded, gay and extremely pleasant. It was the real jingle bells atmosphere. I stayed around for an hour or so and then drove down to the valleys in the centre of the Rockies. This was an equally attractive run, and at dusk I came to Kremmling, population 565, where I decided to stay the night.

I ate at the La Casa Restaurant Cafe, and at the Kremmling Club, a small bar. I saw a man with six dollars at a pin-table. Everyone looked very tough and cowboyish, the men wore their hair long, the women behind the bar swore like a trooper. They might have been ham actors doing a Western. It was very enjoyable. Outside it was ten below, but so dry that you could walk round in your shirt-sleeves without noticing the cold.

Next morning it was bright and sunny. I checked my route card, which said: "There is a spectacular view of the wide valley thousands of feet below from Rabbit's Ear Pass," and drove off expectantly. For twenty miles or so the scene was pretty bare and rugged, often with a curious black and white colour scheme. Small hills rose up like charcoal drawings. There seemed to be no one else on the road.

Then my ears began buzzing and here were the mountains again, and after a few miles the snow, and it all looked marvellous in the sunshine. I hoped there would be another ski lodge at the top. A few more miles of climbing and a notice informed me that I had just passed the great continental divide, "Atlantic Ocean Watershed—Pacific Ocean Watershed." Farther on and up, at nine thousand six hundred and eighty feet, I learned that I was approaching the pass. The mountain slope had receded, the road was crossing a plateau.

Suddenly I realised that the sun had gone and it was getting quite dark. It was a sinister transformation. There was no sign of any ski lodge and still no other traffic. Though there was very little gradient the Chev was not gripping, the road well. My carefree mood disappeared. I thought uneasily that this was no place to have an accident.

Skid... skid

All at once I felt the Chev tremble and it was difficult to keep straight. A wind was howling and sending clouds of snow blowing about. I could see only a flat white surface on either side, like an Antarctic scene. This went on for a mile or two. The Chev was swerving quite badly. I wondered if I ought to stop, but the best thing seemed to be to go on and get out of it. Then the road was again following the side of a mountain. I was through the pass and the descent had begun.

Now it was snowing heavily, and this meant another disadvantage. My windshield wipers worked, but rather fitfully, so that every few seconds there was no visibility at all. At the next bend I had a bad skid, but I pumped the footbrake madly and kept going. I knew that

beyond the other side of the road there was a sheer drop. The road was so icy now that I had hardly any control. Another bad skid, just righted, then a sharper bend—and this time I'd had it. The Chev spun completely round and slid fast and backwards into the snow-drift on the mountainside. The engine cut out. All round was dead silence. There was a crump in my fingers from gripping the wheel tightly.

I lit a cigarette and tried to calm down. My luck had been terrific. But it wasn't easy to look at the emptiness beyond the other side of the road and feel happy. Moreover, with the engine off the heater was off too, so it was getting cold fast. It had been quite snug coming along and I had nothing warm on. My overcoat, sweaters and so on were all packed in the boot, which was at present firmly pressing the snow.

I touched the starter button and found that the Chev was still in action. The wheels, of course, churned helplessly.

thought of the man, at the Denver party saying, "Sooner you than me." He could say that again.

However, I had a couple of empty sacks in use as a carpet, so I got out, immediately grabbing the door-handle to avoid somersaulting, and put a sack under each rear wheel. After a few efforts the Chev went forward a foot, and at once slid back. I tried again and made it. I drove very slowly about twenty yards down the road, a yard out from the mountain-side, and put the brake on. The Chev stopped. I got out again to go back for the sacks. It was almost impossible to walk for the ice was terribly slippery. This would be where the route card had jokingly referred to the spectacular view of the valley thousands of feet below. The snow fell down thickly into the emptiness. I reached the sacks, picked them up and turned.

No... no

Slowly, deliberately, the Chev was sliding sideways towards the other side.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, and I can hear the ludicrous sound of my voice now. There was no barrier to stop it going over. It was impossible to run down the icy road. I stood there paralysed. In a couple of seconds I was going to be left without a car, without even a coat on, 30 miles from any

where, eight or nine thousand feet up and in a blizzard. In such a moment one thinks with painful clarity. Death was probable, severe frostbite certain. Happy New Year.

The Chev went on sliding with a kind of shudder, and the rear began to swing faster, four feet away, three feet two. This was it. I closed my eyes.

But when I looked again the Chev was still there. It had stopped with about 18 inches to go. The left rear wheel was on the edge.

Off told

I made my careful tense way back with the sacks. I had to get in and I was only too conscious that my weight might start the slide again. This time the Chev would have me as a passenger as it crashed down into the valley. I never prayed so hard as when I opened that door. Gently I eased myself across, released the handbrake and the Chev moved forward.

At the next bend it slid into the bank again, which was all right with me. I was limp and slaphappy, and I didn't care if I froze. At least I'd be sitting down.

That's all there is to it. The snow went on and there was this tremendous silence. After a couple of hours a breakdown truck came by on its way to an

accident somewhere else. An hour later I was signing the book in a small warm hotel at Steamboat Springs, the next town. The plump manageress was only dimly interested to learn that I had just come through the mountains.

"All you need is a heavy car, lots of speed, chains and confidence," she said. "I go twice a week."

I smiled at her gratefully. A light car, not much speed, no chains, no confidence—I was already rehearsing my story. There I was, helplessly watching it slide towards the edge. She would be the first to hear it.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES | NO

Put your tick to the space above and keep this panel, Hill Monday when the answer will be given together with another story by

LOUIS GOLDING

Yesterday's story by Emma Smith was FICTION.

THERE'S A GLUT OF GIRLS

By DOUGLAS CLARK

OVER the stately homes of Britain broods a sense of crisis. What is the trouble? A famine of boy babies.

In spite of startlingly frequent divorces and hopeful remarriages, in spite of the steady import of likely foreign brides, in spite of stern encouragement from their family mottoes, dozens of blue-blooded lines are failing to get sons.

What comfort is there in that for their aristocratic daddies? Consider 53-year-old Lord Hawke (family motto: Strike!) When a sixth daughter was born to him he could still make a brave little joke which would have appealed to his great grandfather, the 7th Baron. He said it completed his maiden over.

But now comes a further delivery—yet another girl—and you may be sure that a sad ancestral sign whispers through the Long Room at Lord's.

THE DUKES

The efficacy of prayer does not extend to the plea of the British peerage.

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, 'But leave us still our old nobility.'"

Instead, while wealth and commerce thrive and laws and learning are in a pickle, for what does this crisis among the coronets mean?

EXTINCTION?

Some lines are threatened with outright extinction. In other cases the title may have to pass to a distant relative, while daughters gather in the family fortune.

For here is a strange thing. Everywhere in Britain's ribbed and vaulted baronial halls and daughters abound. They are busy with their needle and good works, learning the violin, riding to hounds, growing up to the exquisite moment of fulfilment when they "come out" and are presented—before being swallowed up in the shorthanded typing pool at the Foreign Office.

Soar higher. Go to the dukes. The premier among them, the Duke of Norfolk, has four daughters, no sons. His title may go to a kinsman, Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent, but his property, such as Arundel Castle, may pass elsewhere. The next Duke of Norfolk might not possess the large territories one associates with the name.

The Duke of Newcastle ("But hope is undaunted"), Beaufort, Rutland, St Albans ("A pledge of better times"), Sutherland, and Portland cannot boast a son among them. The Duke of Westminster and Abell are unmarried.

The Duke of Leeds, 54, has married in turn a big game hunter, a dancer, a brigadier's daughter, and two months ago a 23-year-old Jersey painter. He inherited the bulk of a £738,000 fortune, and misses high taxes by living in the Channel Islands; but though he has all the money in the world it has not so far brought him a male heir.

The output is little higher among the marquises, earls, and barons.

NO SONS

No son is available to succeed the 70-year-old, twice-married Marquis of Tweeddale ("Spurs enough"). The Earl of Clancarty, 63, has been to the altar twice too. His issue? Three daughters.

A son died in infancy in 1929. The Earl of Fitzwilliam, who comes from a pre-Conquest family, is unmarried. The Earl of Leicester ("He is prudent who is patient"), Clarendon ("Always ready"), and Carrington ("Prepared on all sides") can muster eight daughters altogether, but no male heir.

And the rancher-baron Lord Cheyresmore, whose wives have been a Tasmanian chorus girl and a Canadian nurse—it is not uncommon in the best families to marry one's nurse—has no children at all.

Of course, a few peerages get a double chance of continued existence through a special remainder clause in the letters patent, which creates the title. Under this remainder a daughter can succeed. But the Marquis of Salisbury's Peerage is favoured in this fashion, which has brought into being peeresses in their own right.

NONSENSE

But almost invariably such a concession has been limited to Britain's glittering wartime heroes; to great Service leaders of lasting renown. I mention one curious exception. Lady Rhonda's father, the first Viscount, was Food Controller from 1917 to 1918.

What will come out of this dearth of boy-babies? One thing is certain. It makes nonsense of Lord Samuel's recent statement that, at the present rate of new creations, the present total of 853 peers may shortly rise to 1,000.

That would be a number unparalleled for an Upper House in the history of the world.

It is true that when Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603 the number of peers was only about 70—a ratio of 14 per million of the population. But it is still only 16 or 17 per million. And expected extensions may well reduce the ratio once more.

That is a sad business for Britain's stately homes. But providence seems to work to a motto of its own.

"Moderation in all things."

DELMEYER WARNS: BEWARE POLITICAL JU-JITSU



Vienna, May 1. HE has been standing here in Schwarzenberg Square for the last 40 minutes, the young poker-faced lieutenant in the black breeches, grey-green tunic, and flat grey-green cap of the Red Army Intelligence Corps.

He has been standing here beside me watching, as I am, groups of factory workers marching behind their red banners.

This was originally intended to be a great triumphant Communist May Day demonstration. I don't know what the lieutenant is going to report.

I can only tell you that to me most of the plodding men and women made a sad contrast with the bright gay sunshine and brilliant green of the budding trees.

Many faces look tired, glum, apathetic, worried.

And so would you look worried if you were in their thick-soled but none too well-made shoes.

For most of these men and women are the employees of Austria's numerous Soviet-owned and Soviet-managed factories.

NEW WORRY

They have to turn out for Communism, parades like this. If they don't turn up they fall foul of their Communist bosses, they lose their privileges, perhaps even their jobs.

That is bad enough. But their worry today is that by parading here right now they may be getting themselves into the black books of the men who will be their masters tomorrow.

Right here in the big building that overlooks this square, the ambassador of Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union are due to meet the two Foreign Ministers of the Austrian Government tomorrow in order to put the final touches to a peace treaty. And that peace treaty—as already agreed in Moscow in the talks between the Austrians and the Russians—will mean not only the withdrawal of the occupying Red Army from Austria.

It will mean also that the Russians will hand back to the Austrians the factories, oil wells, shipping and dockyards they seized in 1945 by way of reparations. Assurances were given in Moscow by the Austrian delegation that there would be no kind of victimisation of employees when this take-over

TERROR WALKS WITH PEACE

From SEFTON DELMEYER

DOES it mean a first victory for the decision of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers to re-arm West Germany under the Paris agreement?

How much I would like to be able to report to you that this is my view.

A RETREAT

Alas, after hearing a full account of the secret negotiations of the Austrian and Soviet Ministers in Moscow from the most qualified of sources, after studying the subsequent activities of the Soviet authorities here in Austria and after assessing the first reactions to the Soviet manoeuvre in Germany and elsewhere, I am convinced that this retreat is a most subtle and successful piece of political and strategic ju-jitsu.

It is a retreat like that of a Japanese wrestler. He throws himself on the floor, dragging his opponent with him. Then "zoomph"—kicks him over his head. We shall have to watch out most carefully for that kick in the negotiations that begin among the ambassadors tomorrow.

Mr. Mikoyan, Russian Deputy Prime Minister, made that clear enough in Moscow when speaking to Dr. Bruno Kreisky, the Socialist in Austria's two-headed Foreign Ministry. "The Americans, the British, and the French," said Mikoyan, "had become so convinced we would never agree to get out of Austria that they have agreed to all kinds of things they would never have considered otherwise."

"Now we shall hold them to all this. Much as they would like to they will not be able to get out of their commitments. Public opinion in their own countries will not permit them."

Yes, they are great respecters and evaluators of public opinion, these Kremloinites—for countries other than Russia.

Right here as I am standing beside the young Russian lieutenant a banner is being carried past. "America, keep your promise and sign the treaty!" it says.

I see kicks coming...

1 From the Russian proposal that the Four Powers, the U.S., Britain, France and the Soviet Union shall each guarantee the political and territorial integrity of Austria.

Mr. Mikoyan admitted in his conversations with the Austrians that this might provide difficulties for the other Powers in view of the traditional reluctance of the United States Congress to give blank cheques of this kind.

VASTLY MORE

Britain also, he thought, might not be pleased by the proposal. In that case, Mr. Mikoyan suggested, most amiably, the Soviet Union would be happy to give Austria a unilateral guarantee of its own. It is not very hard to see where that one might lead to.

2 In the draft treaty to which we agreed way back in 1949 there are many vaguely worded stipulations which would give the Russians an excellent pretext for intervention in Austrian affairs whenever they seek it out.

These paragraphs will have to be most carefully revised, and clarified.

"We are giving up a lot in Lower Austria," said Mikoyan, at one of the very free-and-easy banquets with the Austrians.

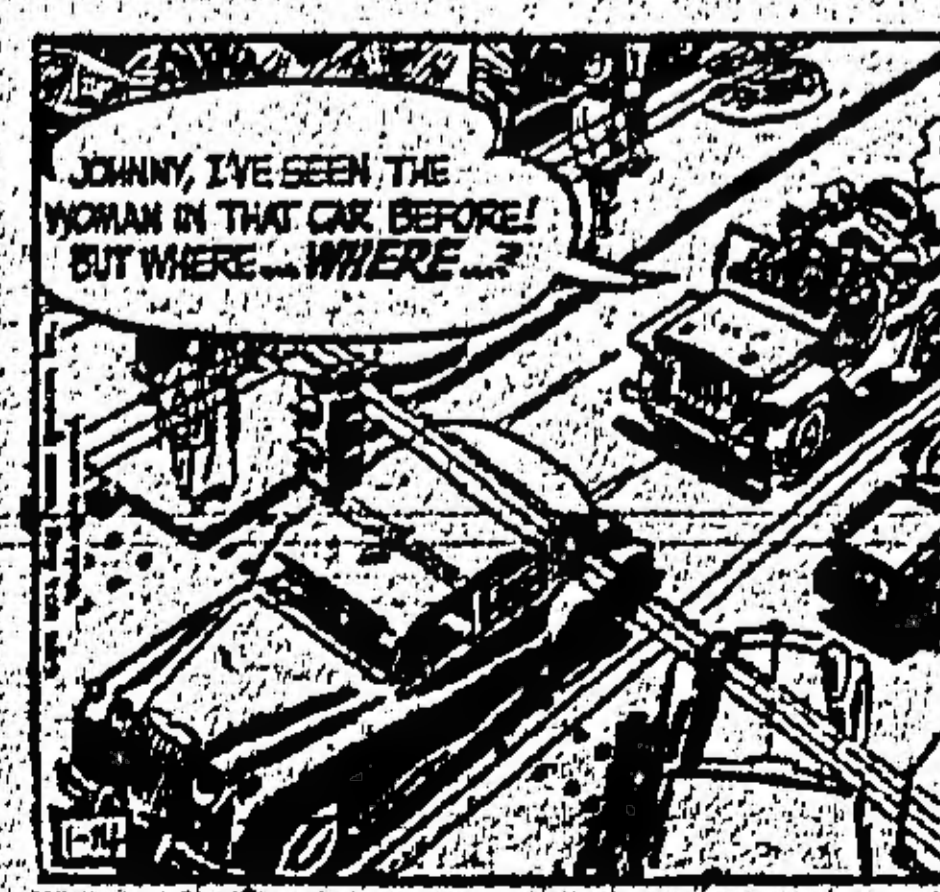
"But the Americans, poor chaps, are having to give up vastly more in Western Austria. It is a worth-while bargain."

(London Express Service)

THE LAND IN CHAINS THAT WAITS UNEASILY—EXPRESSMAP BY JOHN BODLE



JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Gay Stripes For The Beach



This gay striped skirt in red and white linen is designed for the beach by Christian Dior. It has an amusing hat to match. The square-necked pullover is of white wool—Agence France-Press.

WHITE HAIRS? Don't Worry—
You're In The Fashion

THERE'LL be no worries about the first white hairs this Spring. Heads touched with pure white are the very latest fashion. Elegant women, long before nature intended, are having their hair highlighted with touches of white.

A dramatic contrast with dark hair, it also gives pleasing silver highlights to touched with pure white. Extra note of sophistication to hair genuinely turning grey. Newer and smarter than mauve or blue rinses. London's top model girls are falling for this new craze. It looks equally effective on dark-haired Italian Maria Scarada as on blonde Jean Dawney and Barbara Murray.

Photographed on right you see the season's touch-of-white hair styles on models Pat Lever and Jackie Jackson.



Pat Lever wearing a touch-of-white hairstyle by Martin Douglas



Jackie Jackson's style is short and windswept, highlighted with white.

girl, Joan Diener, has adopted this style, also Patricia Roc and Susan Shaw. And, demonstrating that it's a style equally good for the very young or the over-forties, so has Gladys Cooper.

Mystery man of the hair-dressing world at the moment is Rene, the tall, good-looking Frenchman, who dressed Princess Margaret's hair on her Caribbean cruise.

Pending the opening of his own London salon he is temporarily in hiding, working in one small room on the second floor of a London club. His oldest and closest customers visit him there, including several of the top models.

Only his wife and one shampooist share this small Mayfair hideout which boasts only one drier and one basin.

BANNED

There are certain words I'd like to see banned for ever from fashion dictionaries. They are: combinations, bloomers, suspender belts, macintosh, bust bodice, corsette, knickerbockers and underpants.

Let's substitute their modern, more attractive synonyms—all-in-ones, panties, roll-ons, rain-wear, bras, foundations, briefs and trunks.

—HELEN ASCROFT

SUCCESS TIP:
A JOB IS NOT
A TEA PARTY

Boston. TO get along in business, a woman must "behave like a woman at work, not a girl at a tea party," says Margaret Divver, advertising executive for a large insurance firm.

Miss Divver, who handles US\$1,000,000 a year in advertising (for John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.), says the basic rule for women in business is to "work as hard as a man."

"Women are still conspicuous in business," she said, "so the girl who wants to get ahead should not take a 'Queen of the Court' attitude."

"There are fewer of us in the business world, so it is necessary that we behave properly—we can't be moody or display emotion, because it just doesn't go. Men are always the first to say, 'see, just like a woman!'" —United Press.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD

The white lights are pleached right into the hair, and last until the hair grows out.

Actresses, too, are finding the light-headed look more glamorous for Spring. Kismet's pin-up

This "Maternal Instinct"
Has To Be Taught!

New York.

It is the considered opinion of medical science that women have no instinct which tells them how to feed their babies.

Dr. Mavis Gunther studied 150 women, who were

mothers for the first time, and also searched out everything science has found out about maternal instincts.

That instinct was not among them. But if it is any consolation to women, she pointed out that chimpanzees in captivity don't know how to feed their babies either. They have to be taught.

MIMICRY?

"When a female chimpanzee cannot rear her young without having a human male to teach her, instinct in the mother may indeed be said to have failed," remarked Dr. Gunther.

A likely explanation of nature having short-changed woman on instinct is that "mimicry" may take the place of instinct in infant-feeding—in human-beings as well as in monkeys. Monkeys live in colonies. The females have watched the feeding process many times before it becomes their turn.

But with women, a real trouble has developed with advancing civilization, "the small size of present day families and the conventions of modesty, combined with housing which allows

privacy, have ensured that most women do not as children watch a baby being suckled," she said. Indeed, among her obstetrical patients, "it is rare for more than one in ten ever to have seen it even once—far less to have an easy familiarity with the process from frequent watching."

Since there is no instinct in women, and since they can't mimic what they don't know what it is they're to mimic, doctors have to face up to the fact that first mothers have to be taught.

Fortunately, babies are born equipped with an instinct of how to take in food. "This instinct doesn't involve sight, hearing, smell, or taste. It is set into motion by touch alone—by touch within the mouth." This instinct should be harnessed at once—"since it begins to fade out after the first four or five days of life if it hasn't been thoroughly aroused."

IMPORTANT

Teaching mothers what instinct doesn't tell them is a matter of much importance, she thought, because "when a mother is very anxious to feed her child and he refuses and fights, she is profoundly depressed. She may be found weeping before each feeding, and her delight in her child may be completely taken away by her misery."

Dr. Gunther made her studies in a large obstetrical hospital in London. She reported her results in the world-famous medical journal, The Lancet. —United Press.

THE THIRD OF A SERIES ON HOW WORKING
GIRLS BUDGET ON A \$12 OUTFITThe Well-Paid Kenya Secretary
Faces Many Problems

By LESLEY CLAY

Nairobi. THE problems which beset the young secretary who works in an office in Kenya are very different from those in other countries.

To begin with, she has to attempt to follow a much higher standard of living and dressing, and while her salary is far in excess of that in most areas, her expenses are much greater and her choice and range much smaller.

Utopia?

There are, comparatively speaking, few young unmarried girls in office jobs in Kenya; the majority of women who work in this young and growing community are married women who, for reasons economic or domestic, frequently leave their children in nursery schools and go out to work, being dropped off at their offices by their husbands on their way to the city.

The demand for shorthand typists and in particular, for good secretaries, far exceeds the supply; in consequence, employers have to pay dearly for the services of quite often slipshod stenographers. Generally speaking, a girl who can shorthand and type well and frequently gets a monthly salary of \$40. A qualified and efficient secretary here and there finds a plum at \$70; but secretarial pay is usually in the region of \$50-\$55 per month. That may sound like Utopia to the stenographer who earns between \$25 and \$30 a week, but when it comes to budgeting for clothes, on item that looms very largely on the Kenya girl's horizon, the pin begins to prick.

Let us look round Kenya's capital, Nairobi, and see what we can find in the way of dress shops. There are four which might be described as in the couture class, perhaps another four in a slightly descending scale of more popular-type clothes—though they carry some high-priced models too—and then we come to the Indian shops which sell materials of all kinds by the yard.

Not Couture Shops!

The couture shops are out of the question for the young wage earner except for special occasions for which she would have to save up, or unless she got help from her parents. With the exception of one shop which

sells popularly-priced mass-produced dresses on the lines of those seen in many London shops—and in a small community like this you are likely to meet one of these dresses round the next corner—the will not be able to buy a couture dress which has a reasonable expectation of life, under about \$5 or more. As couture dresses are worn all the year round here, with the exception of a month or two when perhaps a thin suit or a jumper and skirt makes its appearance, our office girl requires a minimum of five or six. White shoes and white handbags are the usual accompaniment, and although the latter she can never look smart without stockings, she often goes around minus her nylons on the grounds of economy. Almost all women, and men, too, for that matter, go hatless in Kenya, even elderly women, except for the odd formal occasion—perhaps a wedding or something like that. Gloves are rarely worn.

On the face of it, it sounds cheaper to wear cottons all the year round, for wool is expensive and needs careful cleaning. But, don't forget the wear and tear of laundering these cottons. Even the best known brand names like Hosierys and Toolaks find it hard to stand up to the rough ministrations of the African houseboy; and most laundries charge between 3s. 6d. and 5s. 0d. for washing and 7s. 6d. for cleaning a cotton dress. They last only about a day what with heat, dust and perspiration; some people who go home to lunch change into fresh dress before returning to work.

Social Activity

There is yet another aspect of life in the Colony which has to be taken into consideration when budgeting for clothes. There is considerably more social activity in a city like Nairobi than in a town with a population of comparable size in say, Britain. Being an air terminal, it is frequented by important visitors, who whether from trade or entertainment spheres, seemingly have to be entertained by those interested in the particular lines. We propose, therefore, to dress our secretary in such a manner that she would be able to go on to one of these parties, although in fact, it is more unlikely that she would do so without going home and have to save up, or unless she got help from her parents. With the exception of one shop which

if for a late-night engagement, into full evening dress which is worn here on very many occasions.

Well Equipped

If Eileen had not been able to cut out and sew the dress herself, it would have cost her between 70s. 0d. and 70s. 0d. to have it made by one of the Indian tailors; if she took it to one of the very few European dressmakers, it would have probably cost still more. While shoes would not do for after office, so Eileen spread herself on a pair of handkerchiefs at 7s. 0d., a very good buy as they were extremely well and go with every colour scheme. That meant a matching handbag, which she was lucky enough to pick up only slightly shop-soiled, for 95s. 0d. An earring and brooch set of almost-white filigree cost 21s. 0d.; her bracelet, after a long search, she got for 18s. 0d. A pair of fairly sheer nylons cost 10s. 0d. and she felt well equipped for the fray. She did, however, exceed her budget by 17s. 6d., as you will see from this list.

Other Commitments

Having budgeted for this outfit, our secretary still has a fair amount left out of her \$40 monthly salary, but by the amount of sunshine she you must then consider her other commitments. Accommodation, for instance, is at a premium if she is unmarried or unable to "live with her parents—to whom she would probably pay \$1 jump sum—anyhow. She has to find a flat on "digs," as unfurnished flats for a single person cost at least \$15 per month; on top of that there is food, electricity, water, repairs, and, probably, a boy's wages—about 10s. 0d. unless she decides to do all



Eileen in her all-round cotton dress which she made herself. The bag and matching court shoes are of lizard skin.

the work herself. "Digs" are rarely less than 21s.-22s. per month. If Eileen lived far out or town she would need—but could not afford—a car, bus services are overcrowded and inadequate because of the Emergency boycott by Kilnary. A shampoo and set at most hairdressers costs between 9s. 0d. and 10s. 0d.; cosmetics are approximately 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. dearer per article than in the United Kingdom from whence they are imported. "The rising cost of food, too, is a constant anxiety if our secretary tends for herself, for instance, the price of the best brand of tea has just risen to 8s. 10d. per lb from 8s. 6d.

Holiday Expense

Everyone in Kenya tries to take a holiday at the coast at least once a year. Getting down from 5,000 or 6,000 ft. to sea-level is supposed to be a panacea for all ills, but to stay at one of the hotels, plus the return rail fare to Mombasa—28s. 11s. 0d.—runs away with another 240s. 0d. So, you see, although she earns a higher salary than many of her colleagues, life is "knock-out" with difficulties for the young office worker in Kenya. She probably feels that she is overpaid, but by the amount of sunshine she absorbs day by day.

—United Press.

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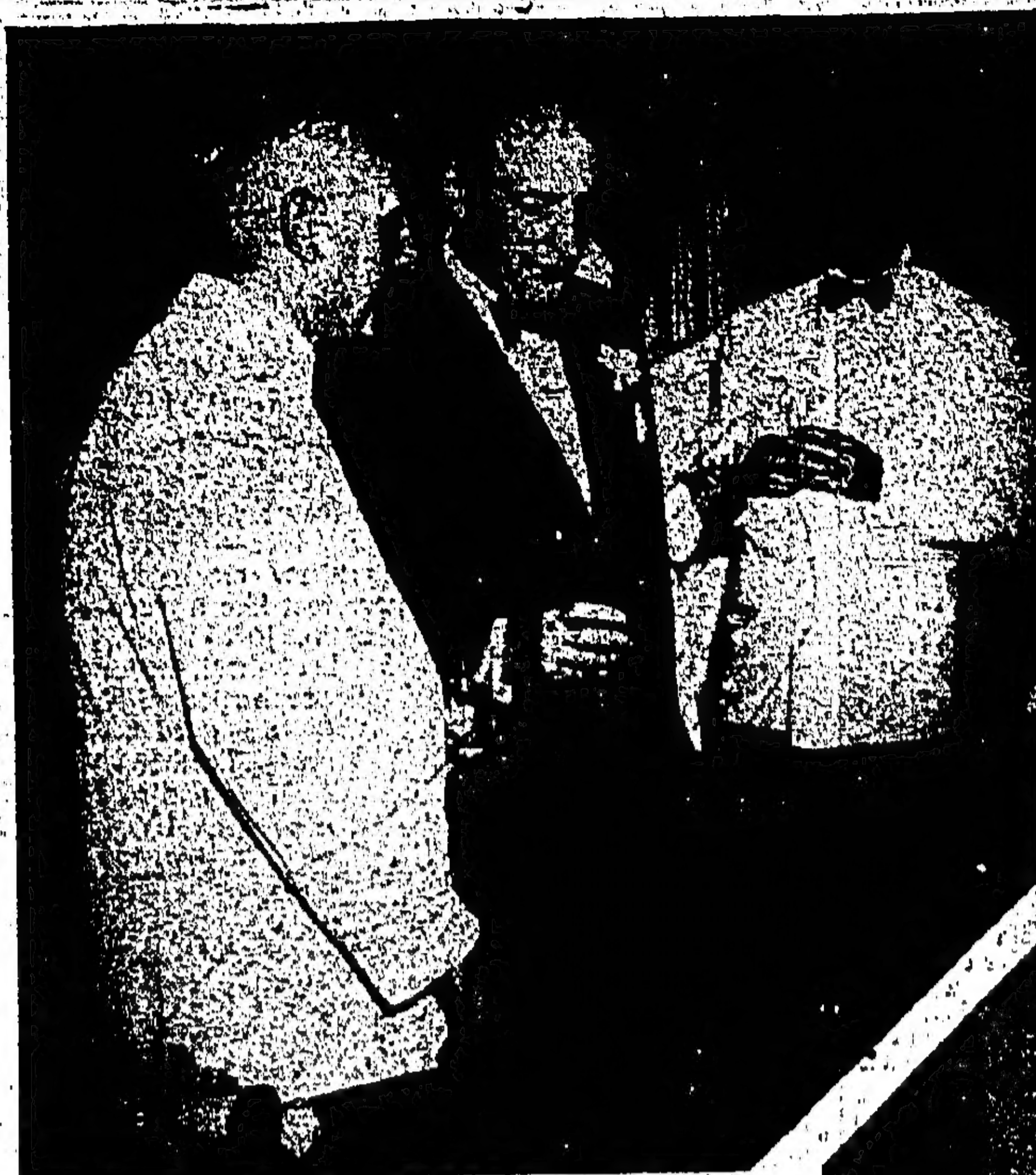


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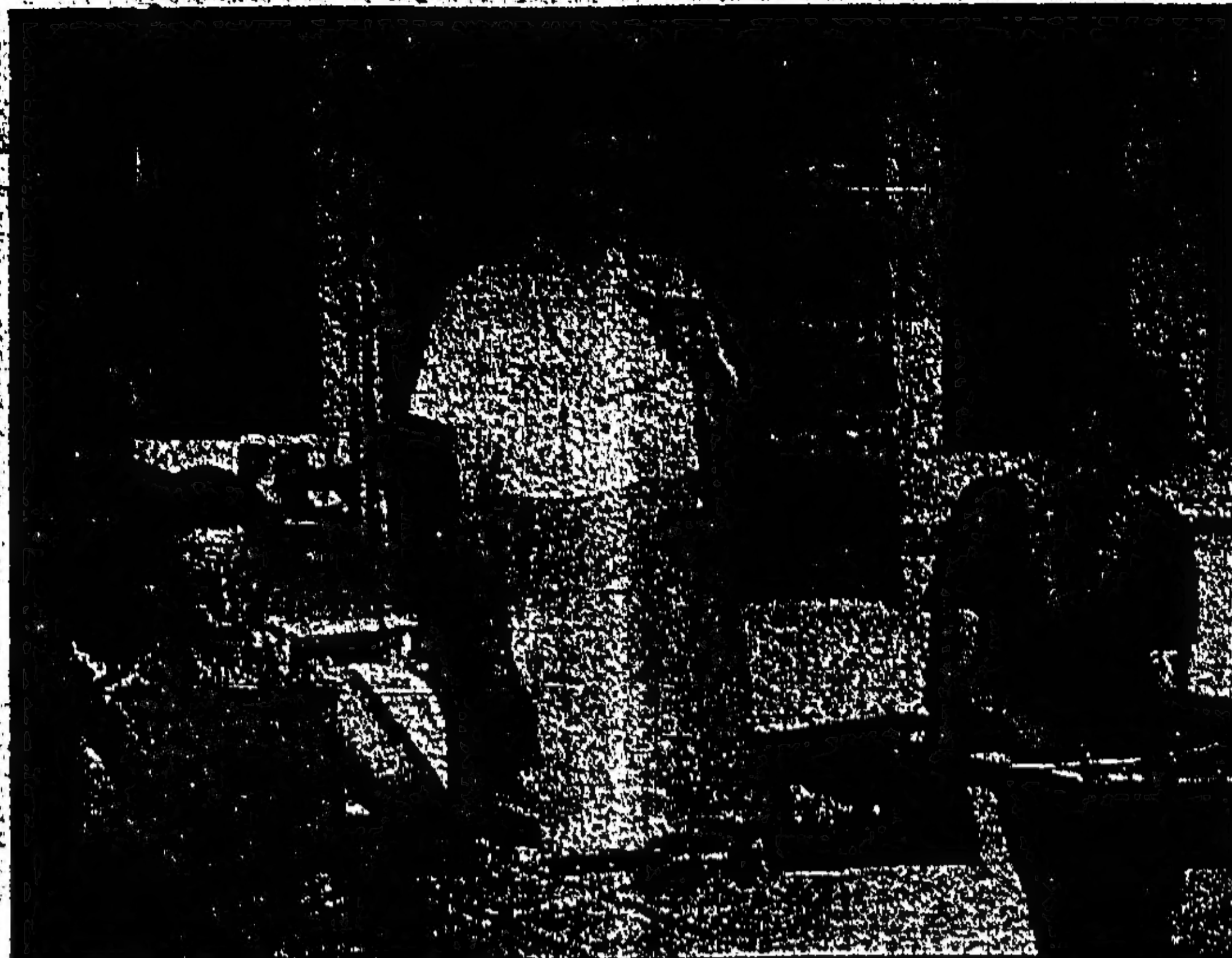
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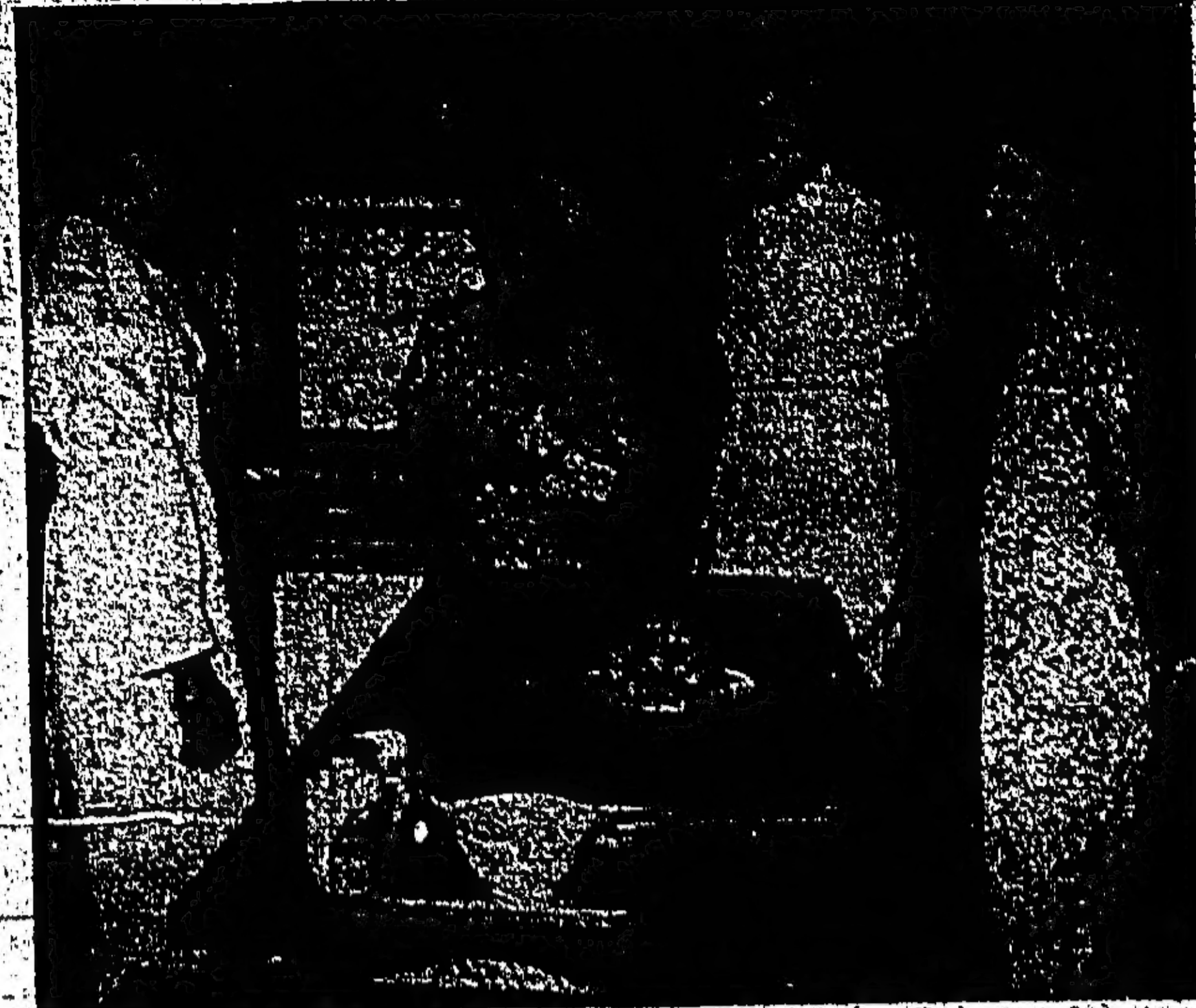




HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, conversing with Mr M. I. de Ville at last week's annual dinner of the Hongkong and China Branch, Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. Mr de Ville is Chairman of the body. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Grace Alt snapped when talking Council of Women members at the YWCA of her work in connection with the maternal and child welfare programme of the World Health Organisation in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM inspecting the cookery class when she visited the Ho Tung School for Girls last Monday. (Staff Photographer)



TWO happy poses of Captain John Chadwick Danskin and Miss Helene Victoria Zaharoff at their wedding reception, held at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club. They were married last Saturday at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)



MR. V. K. Krishna Menon, Premier Nehru's top policy adviser and chief Indian delegate to the United Nations, snapped at Kai Tak Airport on Tuesday, when he passed through on his way to Peking. With him are Mr L. B. C. Baker, ADC to the Governor, Mr Victor Mamak and other Indian residents. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mrs Kay Byrne, a visiting American author, addressing the gathering before opening the Chinese YMCA College bazaar last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



R. Lyon and Y. H. Lee meet in the foils in the Colony amateur senior fencing championships held at the European YMCA. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs L. Chadwick Kew at the christening of their baby daughter, Brenda Marion, which took place at St John's Cathedral recently. (Ming Yuen)



THE Drama Group of the South China Morning Post Sports Association, who presented a radio play, 'Tragedy of a Young Violinist,' over the Chinese section of Radio Hongkong last Saturday. The play was written by Mr Lui Kam-to, standing third from right.

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ONE of the most brilliant social events of the season was the annual ball of the Malayan Association, held at the Ritz. Here, at the official table, watching the floor show, are Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, Mrs Boey Kok-keng, the Hon. E. B. David (Colonial Secretary), Mr Boey Kok-keng (President of the Association), Mrs S. N. Chau and Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs R. E. Farrell (right), who were guests of honour at a farewell dinner party given by Mr and Mrs Robert C. S. Kwok at the Blue Heaven Restaurant, seen drinking a toast with their hosts. (Staff Photographer)

CHRISTENING of Timothy Eden George, son of Mr and Mrs E. G. Yourieff, at the Union Church last Sunday.



GROUP picture of the 22 Independent Platoon, Women's Royal Army Corps, taken during the visit of the WRAC Director, Brigadier M. Railton, seated fourth from left. Fifth from left is Lt-Col J. Rivett-Drake, Assistant Director, who accompanied her here. (Mainland)

RIGHT: The Hongkong Chinese team, who won the Memorial Cup when they beat the Kowloon Chinese at the Hongkong Football Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Philip D. Reed (right), Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company of the USA, greeting Brigadier R. H. Bellamy at the cocktail party given in his honour at the Hongkong Club by Mr H. W. Stocks, who is seen in the centre. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Winners of the Army Major Units Cricket League — the Royal Engineers XI. They defeated 15 Medium Regiment, RA, in the final. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner party given at the Kam Ling Restaurant on Thursday evening by Mr and Mrs K. K. Fung to celebrate the winning of the Hong Kong Derby by their pony, Lightning Feet. Mr and Mrs Fung are third and fourth from left. On extreme right is Mr Peter W. H. Hokey. (Staff Photographer)

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IRISH LINEN SHORTS

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SWIMMING SHORTS

There is nothing very different about these shorts, excepting the fact that they have two side pockets.

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Proper Hair Care Prevents Dandruff With Extra Conveniences

ONE of the things your best friends won't tell you is when your best blue suit has snow on the collar—and it isn't snowing. Prospective brides and fastidious secretaries recoil in horror, whispering to each other behind their hands about the unspeakable breach of good breeding. "The man has dandruff."

So have you. So have I. Everybody has dandruff, if he is careless about hair grooming. But there is dandruff and dandruff. It ranges all the way from the normal, slight scaling, which takes place on every scalp, and traces on all skin, to the severe inflammatory seborrheic dermatitis.

The skin has a number of layers, variously classified according to how much detail one desires. Basically, these may be regarded as deep, middle and surface layers. In the deeper layer lie some of the glands, most of the blood vessels, and much fat and connective fibrous tissue which allows the skin to "slide" over the muscles underneath. In the middle layer we have the active living cells of the true skin, which constantly multiply and push the older cells toward the surface.

DEAD CELLS

As the living skin cells are pushed outward, they become flattened and lose their nuclei, and so they are no longer living cells. They are insensitive to pain and they gradually dry up and are washed or scale away. This takes place over the entire body, including the scalp, except that on the non-hairy portions of the skin, the dead outer scales wash or wear away easily; in the dense hair of the scalp, they collect. That is, if you have hair, there is seldom dandruff on bald scalps; and dandruff is not often the cause of baldness.

For the ordinary dandruff due to normal scaling, there is very little that needs to be done. First comes scalp cleanliness, which brings up the common question—how often shall I shampoo? This question often seems to be asked in the hope of getting in reply a categorical dictum—every week, every two weeks, twice a week, etc. There can be no such answer. Scalps differ, from the very oily to the extremely dry—the former need shampooing more often than the

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

latter. Conditions differ—from extremely dusty, environment to clean and dustless conditions. The simple and sensible answer to the shampoo question is as often as necessary to keep your head clean, and neither too dry nor too oily.

There is a similar answer to the question as to what is the best shampoo? The one you like best, if it does not dry your scalp excessively. In general, detergent shampoos (soaps) are more drying than soaps. Liquid or powder shampoos rinse more easily, and are preferable to cake soap for that reason.

Besides cleanliness, brushing helps to keep the scalp clean of accumulated scales, and also stimulates the hair follicles and tends to distribute the natural skin oil over the hair shaft and thus add gloss to the hair.

MEDICAL TREATMENT

In some cases of excessive oiliness, often accompanying adolescent acne, it may be necessary to have medical treatment. There are now effective medicinal means available to your doctor.

Often confused with ordinary dandruff is seborrheic dermatitis.

This occurs often in luxuriant heads of hair, and usually with oily skin. It involves also the eyebrows, and the inflammation may extend onto the face and into the ear canals. It is accompanied by intense itching, inflammatory redness and severe scaling, which often makes a thick yellow crust over the entire scalp. Obviously this differs sharply from ordinary dandruff and requires medical treatment at once. Since there are other scalp conditions of the scalp, such as ringworm, it is wise to have medical diagnosis whenever there is more than just mild scaling, easily controlled by cleanliness, brushing and mild massage.

Modern Furnishings Leave Decorators Free Of Custom

By Barbara Wright

FURNISHING with contemporary styles is fun and has its pitfalls. But it never is dull.

Contemporary furnishings are the perfect foil for the unusual in accessories, but they do demand a careful and knowing selection, whether they're from Japan or Africa.

The fun comes because the decorator usually works with an enthusiastic client or a client who has always been contemporary-minded. The principles of basic, good design are the only limitations in decorating contemporary interiors for such clients. A feeling of formality or informality can be created or a feeling of city-slickness or country elegance. In any instance, the imagination never is circumscribed by custom.

New Textures In Use

Fabrics and wall coverings are just two of the fields that have been reopened by the craftsmen of this and other countries. Weavers have introduced new textures by the use of old and new fibres in new ways and have co-ordinated colours and patterns to such an extent that working with fabrics is as ex-

citig as any part of interior planning.

Assuming a client is a business firm, again these contemporary materials buy the most efficiency for the decorating dollar. These clients have the right to demand design that is functional as well as impressive. Naturally the boss is more interested in the "work-flow" than a Picasso. The trick is to provide him with both. Institutional lighting so often unplanned, is just as important as modular furniture in decorating from scratch or in redecorating.

Colour Important But Tricky

With the swing to informal living, modern, by its unrestricted colour-use, simplicity and flexibility, easily creates a desired atmosphere of calm or excitement at home or in the office.

But colour can just as easily become a pitfall for the contemporary decorator. Far too often brilliant colours can quickly become garish unless used with restraint.

Another deterrent to a contemporary decorator is the client who wants contemporary only because it's new-fashion. Too often she has been exposed to mediocre-modern. Then, a job of

education must be done before a really good interior can be planned and executed.

Often the question arises as to the advisability of mixing period and contemporary. The beauty of contemporary is that it accepts and allows a client's period furniture which she refuses to give up for economical or sentimental reasons.—United Press.

New Gourmet Entrees

By Ida Bailey Allen

"EGGS are cheaper," announced the Chef, "and just the thing to use for fine combination entrees for the home diner. So I brought three dozen from the market, Madame."

"Very good, Chef. Compared with the amount of money one has to spend for proteins, eggs are a thrifty buy."

"How about suggesting some dinner egg entrees to our readers? Here are four that are sure to please."

Fried Or Poached Eggs

Serve on toast covered with any kind of creamed or a la king meat, fish or shellfish. Top a thin serving of veal cutlet with a fried egg in Austrian style.

Serve on thick slices of crumbed, broiled or fried eggplant or tomato.

Egg-Bacon-Sausage Platter

Place single eggs on nest pieces of toast arranged in a row on a large platter. Flank on one side with strips of cooked bacon; on the other, with crisp small sausages atop slices of broiled or fried apple.

Dinner

Vegetable Soup Celery Radishes Scallops Celery Egg-Bacon-Sausage Platter Delmonico Potatoes Spinach Nut Doughnuts Maple Syrup Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Delmonico Potatoes. Small dice 1 1/2 lbs. cold, peeled, cooked potatoes. Add 1 c. undiluted evaporated milk and 1/2 c. whole milk. 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. top pepper and 3 tsp. melted butter or margarine.

Rub shallow 3-pt. baking dish generously with butter or margarine. Spread in potato mixture. Bake 35 min., or until browned in a moderate oven, 375°-400° F.

Nut Doughnuts. Sift together 1/2 c. already-sifted enriched flour, 1/4 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. nutmeg and 1/4 tsp. cinnamon. Add 2/3 c. fine-chopped pecan, walnut or Brazil nutmeats.

Beat 2 eggs with fork. Gradually beat in 1 c. sugar. When light, beat in 2 tsp. melted shortening.

Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with 1 c. milk, and stir lightly until well mixed. Wrap dough with wax paper. Refrigerate 1 hr.

Roll out 1/2" thickness on floured board or pastry cloth; shape with floured doughnut cutter. Fry 3 min. in deep hot fat at 375° F., or until golden brown; drain doughnuts as they rise in top. Drain on crumpled paper towels.

Serve warm, with powdered maple syrup or powdered sugar sifted over.

Plain Doughnuts. Omit nutmeats, but add 1/2 c. extra flour.

Tip Of The Chef

But not suitable of an egg over bottom of baking dish used for Delmonico potatoes.



WITH THE GARAGE at the end the exterior of this house is given a long look. Like most contemporary homes, it is light and airy, thanks to the numerous windows, which, due to their variety in size and shape, add considerable interest to the exterior design.



HANDSOME STONE AND VERTICAL BOARD give the exterior of this house a rugged appeal. The long stone plant box and the covered porch tie the garage to the main structure. Garage windows are placed so that they look as if they were in a regular room.

By Joan O'Sullivan

LIFE is worth living in a home complete with extra conveniences that make for comfort and easy upkeep. Both 3-bedroom designs shown today qualify on that count.

The first one is a dream house come true, with a well-organized space for living, working and sleeping. Open planning, so popular because it makes for multiple use of rooms, is employed in the living-working section. Dining room merges into kitchen and is almost one with the open-plan living area. Yet, if desired, the dining room could be draped, screened or partitioned off from the living room.

On entering the living room, the eye takes in a wide garden view, seen through a big bay window at the end of the room. At right, a huge fireplace makes for wall interest, and, just inside the living room door, there's a counter with a pass-through to the kitchen that makes it simple to serve snacks and refreshments.

The kitchen, in the front of the house, has a sunny breakfast nook. From it, the outdoor barbecue entry, an inside door to the garage and a stairway to the basement are accessible.

The bedroom area is left of the living room. Three bedrooms share a bath and a hall. The bathroom at back of the house is noteworthy for its built-in folding bed, designed to disappear into a bookcase when not in use. This clears the room during the day, and enables it to double as den or play area. Another convenience here is the entrance to the covered rear porch.

The plan comprises 1,498 square feet including garage and porch. Planning perfection also went into the other house pictured here. To the right of the entrance is the living-dining section, to the left, the kitchen. The kitchen, straight ahead, is accessible from either area.

Again, living-dining section opens on back porch. Here, emphasis on indoor-outdoor living can be seen in the screened porch, which looks out on back corner of the plan, and is accessible from living room as well as dining room.

Sleeping quarters are reached via a short storage hall, its right wall lined with a coat closet, its left, a roomy unit for linens. With the exception of the centre bedroom, the other two have cross ventilation. All enjoy excellent closet facilities. A fourth room, designated as a den, could be a bedroom.

Off the master bedroom is a private bath, while a split bath at the front of the house serves as guest powder room, and is accessible from kitchen and living areas at one side, opens on the bedroom hall, on the opposite side.

The plan comprises 2,063 cubic feet.

Accessible from living room as well as dining room. In addition to an indoor fireplace, there's an outdoor barbecue on the porch.

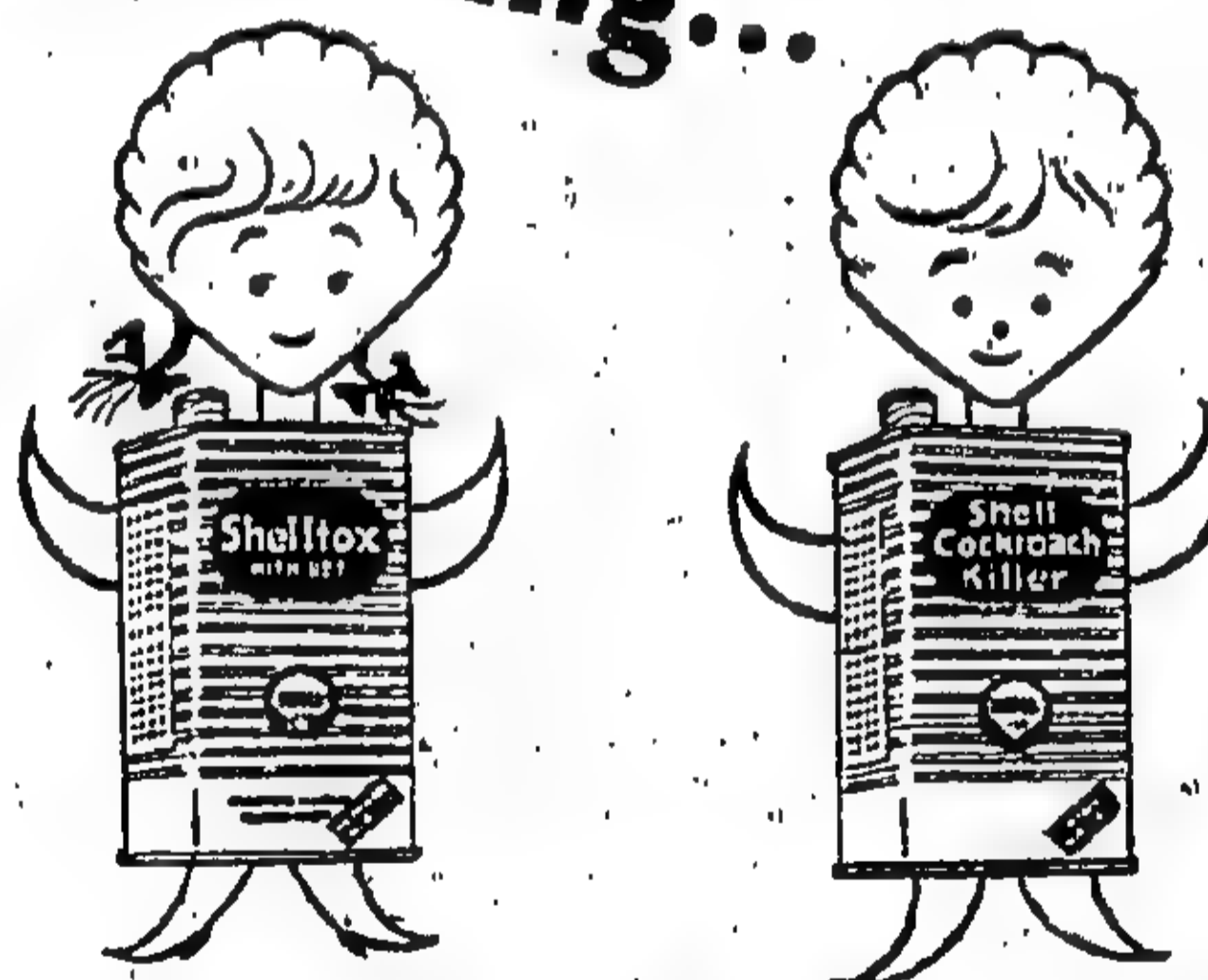
The kitchen, large, bright, airy and efficient, offers each corner as a circular breakfast nook and an extremely large broom closet. A back entry opens on the yard, while a hallway leads to the basement stairway.

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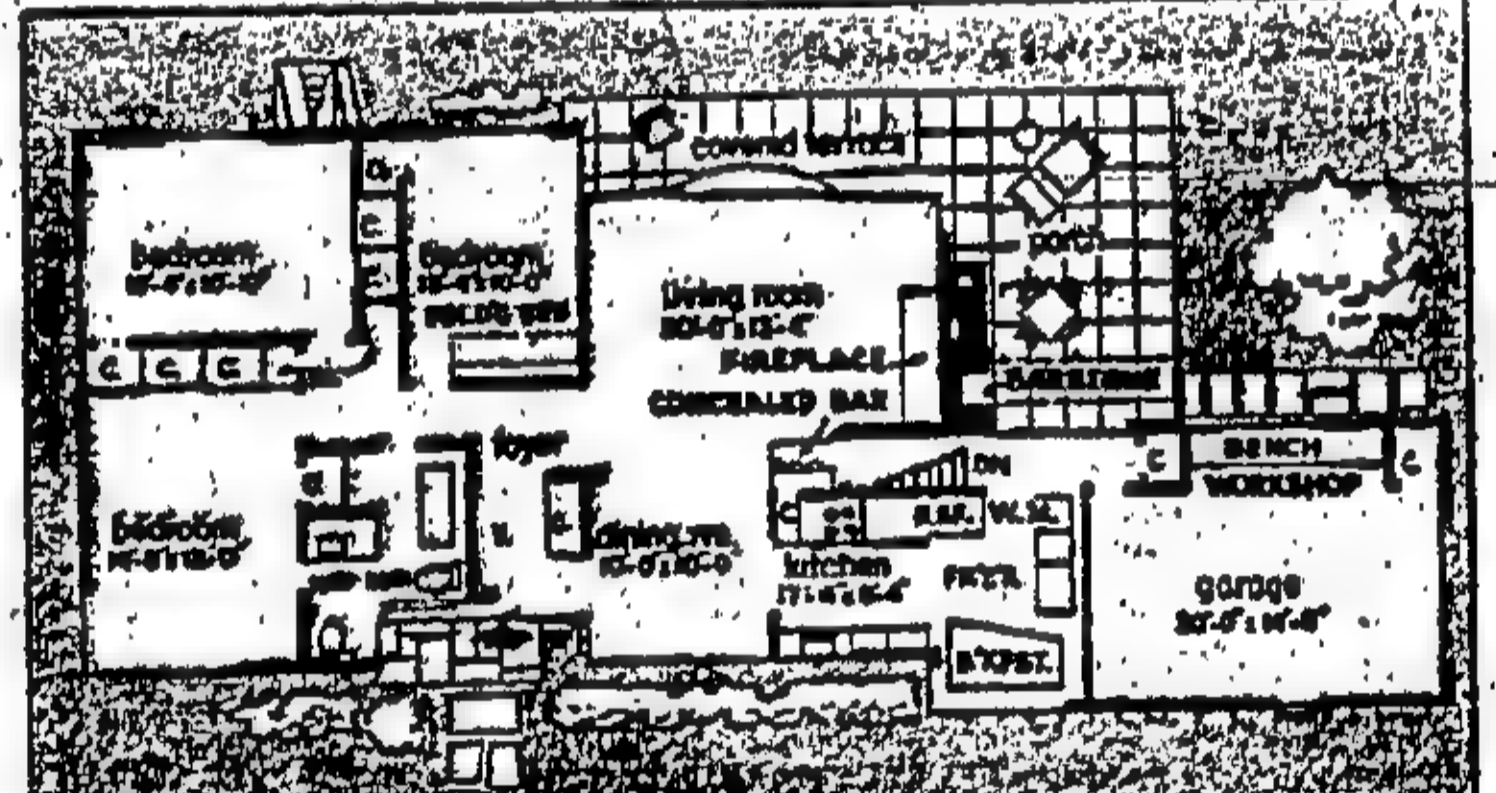
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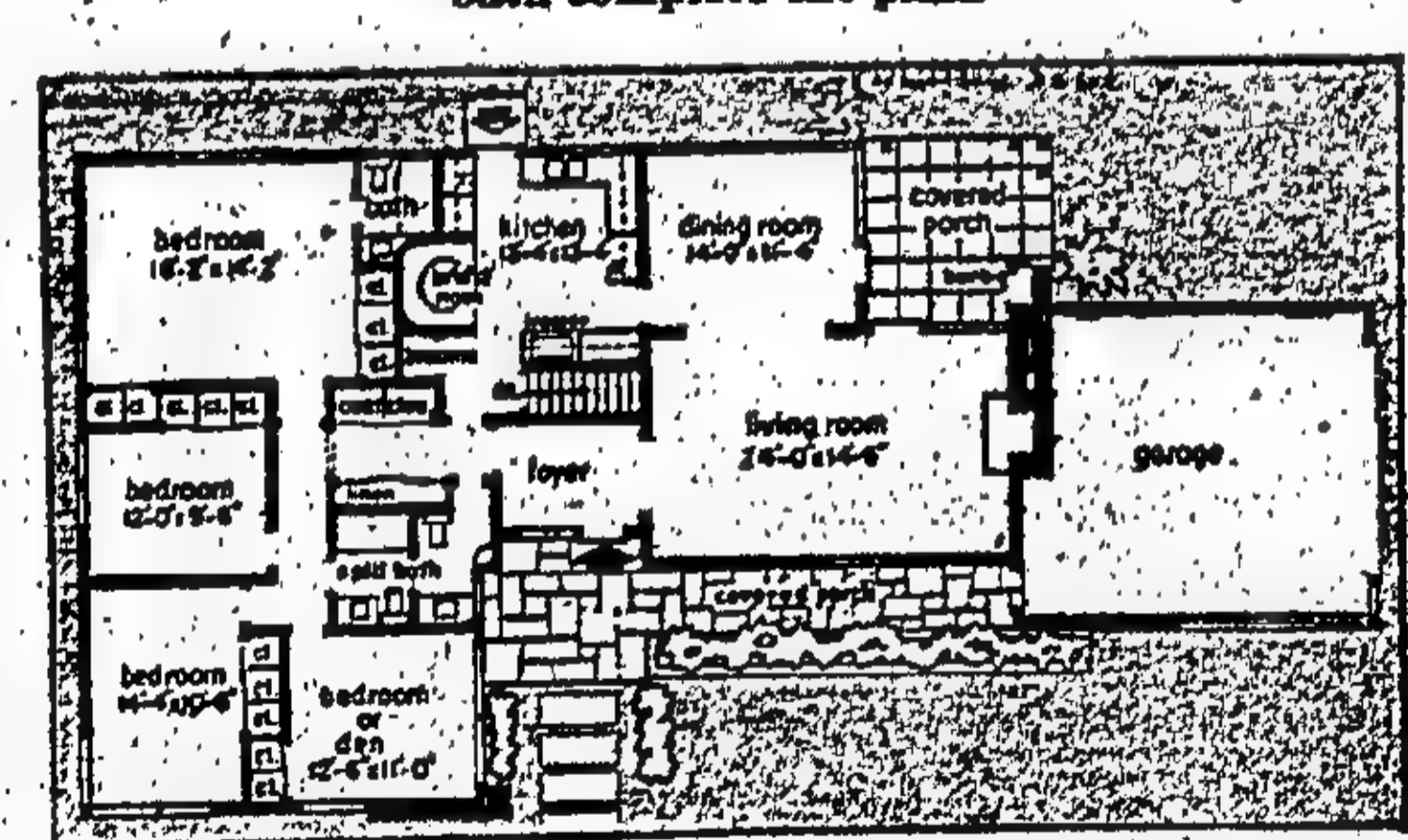
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IN THE HOUSE pictured on top of the page, the kitchen opens on the dining room, which is combined with the living area. Three bedrooms and a split bath complete the plan.



IN THE OTHER HOUSE pictured above, living and work areas are on the right side of the house, while sleeping quarters are on the left side.

PATIENCE IS REQUIRED TO CALM A NERVOUS CHILD

BY CARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

BABIES and young children, even of the same family, differ widely in serenity or jitteriness.

One child may be so calm, smile so readily, that it makes one feel relaxed just to look at him. Another child may be so jittery, excitable and irritable as to make a casual observer feel uncomfortable. One child may smile and cry often when there's no apparent reason. One may sleep with little stirring for long periods by day or all through the night, while another may wake frequently to cry out often in his sleep.

How much these individual differences are related to the kind of physical organism the

child inherited, how much to his need of medical care, how much to the influence of those who care for him and the general environment, one can't easily ascertain.

We can't do anything now about what he might have inherited. What we can do is provide him with proper medical care and control our ways with him and, also, his general environment.

When a child bites his fingernails, twists or tugs at his hair, makes grimaces or blinks repeatedly, we are sure to call him nervous. But we can't correct these nervous habits by telling him not to do them or by letting ourselves get annoyed at him.

Most parents of such children have been vexed over the condition described for years. It takes them a long, long time to get themselves ready to quit making the child worse by scolding, nagging and to begin to help and guide in the child's presence.

We can work on ourselves and other persons in the family to help him relax, to get more rest and relaxation, to speak in quiet, soothing tones, and to quit making the child worse by scolding, nagging and to begin to help and guide in the child's presence.



ELECTION ROYAL ACADEMY

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Tory or Socialist? How Britain Decides

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY TODAY

THERE was one extraordinary omission from the tributes paid to Sir Winston Churchill on his retirement: no one mentioned that he had presided over the most important reorganisation of the Conservative Party which has occurred in this century. He inherited in 1940 a political organisation that was intellectually slothful and devoid of inspiration. He handed to his political heir a lean and virile party that might fairly be described as the most competent and enlightened right-wing party in the world.

This is not to say that the Conservatives will inevitably win this election. In one sense, they are fighting an uphill battle. It is too easily forgotten that they won fewer votes than Labour in each of the past three elections. Only the vagaries of the electoral system gave them a bare majority of seats in 1951; and no ruling party in almost a century has increased its seat strength when it went to the country.

More than that it must be remembered that Labour has by far the largest reservoir of potential voting support. By any definition, the working-classes constitute 60-70 percent of the British population. The most striking achievement of post-war British politics is not the Labour victory (with less than half the popular vote) in 1945; it is the Conservative revival of 1950 and 1951. There is no obvious reason why Labour should not have as secure a hold on office here as the Socialists have in Sweden.

LORD WOOLTON

The crucial years for the Conservatives were the years in the wilderness during 1945-50. Had the party marked time or sunk in its tents its ruin would have been complete. But after the party's great defeat in 1945, Churchill made two vitally important appointments in naming Lord Woolton Chairman of the Party Organisation, and R. A. Butler to head the party's research and policy activities.

Both these appointments were the sole prerogative of the leader of the party, and the man Churchill chose and the backing he gave them probably did more to save the party than anything else. The avuncular Lord Woolton is so easily caricatured that the importance of his contribution to British politics has been consistently underrated. In fact, his

contribution to the Conservative renaissance is almost as important as Arthur Henderson's work in reconstructing the Labour Party after the First World War.

In a great recruiting drive Lord Woolton increased the membership of the Conservative mass organisation (the National Union) to almost three million. He reorganised Conservative finance in order to reduce the party's dependence on a few hundred wealthy men and to force the mass membership of the party to accept greater responsibility for raising political funds. He put a stop to the system whereby rich candidates could buy safe seats by offering to pay the election and other expenses of the constituency parties. (A Conservative candidate is now permitted to pay no more than £25 a year to his constituency's funds, an M.P. no more than £50).

WELFARE STATE

Lord Woolton also stimulated the recruitment of young people into the party, and the Conservatives now claim to have the largest youth movement of any democratic political organisation in the world.

Yet a thriving party organisation would have been useless without an up-to-date and progressive policy. The first impulse of the Conservatives when they were cast into outer darkness in 1945 might have been to fight the "Labour revolution," just as the Conservative Declaration of 1945 did. But in the years 1949-51, A. J. Balfour, the Conservative leader of that day, tried to prevent them from doing so, during the struggle over the Parliament Act, but they rejected his advice and he quit in despair.

Churchill, after 1945, assigned the task of remodelling Conservative social policy to R. A. Butler, perhaps the one man above all others in the party who clearly understood that the Conservatives must at all costs avoid the fate of the Bourbon kings of France. The Conservatives, Butler realised, had to learn much and forget much. They had to accept the fact that the British electorate had set its face against the insecurity of the inter-war years, and that the Welfare State was therefore here to stay. They had to forget many of their old shibboleths of yesterday about Labour's unfitness to govern, and the alleged iniquities of the trade union political levy.

Butler was aided by a powerful team of "back-room boys," some of whom, like Iain Macleod and Reginald Maudling, are now rising stars in the Conservative Government. While Sir Winston himself painted on the broader canvas of international politics, the Butler team was busy with the details of domestic policy.

In this, the first of three special articles on the General Election, Robert Mackenzie, well-known to BBC listeners for his interviews with politicians and impartial comment on political events, and author of the widely acclaimed book, "British Political Parties," published in January, discusses the condition of the Conservative Party today. In his second article next week Mr Mackenzie will discuss the Labour Party, and in his final article on the eve of polling he will review the current attitude of the British electorate and what makes people vote as they do.

Conservative Party swallowed its new social programme in two or three great gulps.

In office since 1951, the Conservatives have been cautious, competent and lucky. They have carefully avoided treading on the toes of the trade unions. They have maintained and in certain respects strengthened the Welfare State. In their taxation policy they have eased the burden "across the board," which means that the well-to-do have benefited most. Yet there can be no doubt that in terms of real wages the industrial workers are better off than ever before.

In foreign affairs the Conservatives have won a series of outstanding successes, of which perhaps the most important for electoral purposes was Eden's achievement at the Geneva conference which negotiated the Indo-Chinese settlement. This, combined with Churchill's "victory" at the summit with the Communists, has rendered entirely irrelevant the most potent question of the 1951 election, "whose finger do you want on the trigger?"

The Conservative Government has been lucky too. The terms of trade have been favourable to Britain during most of their period in office. There has been no "balance of payments" crisis, and the public seems almost unaware that no headway at all has been made in building up the gold and dollar reserves since the Conservatives took office.

If the Conservatives win the election, several question marks will hang over the future of the party. There is as yet no way of knowing whether Sir Anthony Eden will prove a successful Prime Minister and party leader. "We had become so accustomed to Sir Winston Churchill's Olympian ascendancy over the party that we may have been inclined to forget that the Conservatives are not an easy party to lead.

Eden might find himself, like Baldwin, plagued by dissent and rebellion, especially if his government finds itself in economic difficulties requiring stern measures for their solution. Paradoxically, Eden's difficulties might be greater if the Conservatives were to win a sweeping victory rather than a narrow victory. Eden and the moderates now in command of the party are likely to have less trouble with their followers if they face a powerful Labour opposition across the floor of the House.

The electorate, presumably by accident rather than design, has kept both parties hovering on a razor's edge of uncertainty since 1950. This has strengthened the hand of the moderates in both parties who could warn their extremist followers that at all costs they must not frighten the electorate by the floating voter. But a really decisive victory for either side would almost certainly change the temper of British politics; it would have the effect of shattering the wide area of agreement between the two Front Benches which has come to be known as Butskellism.

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NEWELL ROGERS REPORTING AMERICA

AND PEACE COMES TO PUMPKIN BUTTES

New York. A SHOOTING WAR between cattle ranchers and uranium prospectors has been called off. What saved the situation was a Government decision to postpone, indefinitely, the claim-staking of public land by the prospectors.

Sixty-five thousand acres in the Pumpkin Buttes area of Wyoming were involved, and 2,000 pistol-packing prospectors were ready for a May 8 rush.

The cattlemen took the hump in a mighty lurch. It looked like a revival of the range wars of the nineties. State Governor Milward L. Simpson said a lot of gun-carrying had been reported. The area was a "hotbed" of lawlessness, he said. Douglas McKay, who has directed Wyoming's law enforcement, said: "We don't want to see a shooting war here."

have made it clear that additional time is necessary to fully inform both private landowners and prospectors as to their rights in the area.

THE Lansing State Journal of Michigan celebrated its 100th birthday with an edition of 336 pages, weighing nearly 8 lb.

A FURRIER who lends milk coats and capes to the Broadway and Hollywood girls, so they can strut before the television screens each week, says: "You'd be surprised at what I find in the pockets afterwards."

"I collect an amazing number of addresses and telephone numbers in a year."

HENRY FORD II has announced that the Ford Motor Company will spend \$222 million on modernisation in the next three years.

The booming market for both new and used cars has frankly been something of a surprise—even to us," he said. Mr Ford called it "building for the future." "We don't want to see a shooting war here."

Then he spoke of the threat of the United Automobile Workers to strike for a guaranteed annual wage, saying: "Today both management and workers know that a major strike could dump the apple cart of our present and prospective high prosperity—and nobody wants that."

MARILYN MONROE loves to disguise herself in old clothes and take long, lone walks along New York's East River embankment.

She is a fugitive, you know, from Hollywood and its determination to cast her in slinky, glamour roles.

And who do you think she saw the other night? Yes, of course, Greta Garbo.

A couple of shadows, passing in the night.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Why, isn't that nice, Mr. Filchance?"
"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever!"

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

POOR OLD PAPA It has been said that the measure of a nation's degree of civilisation is the manner in which it looks after its weak and its womenfolk.

With a national health service second to none in the world, Britons have been able to feel that as civilised folks they rate pretty high.

Nowhere else, for instance, is so much care and attention lavished on the mother-to-be regardless of her means or social status.

But this week someone discovered a major flaw in this otherwise happy picture. Dr Stanley Coleman drew the attention of the nation's women public health officers to a regret-

table omission—no provision had been made for Britain's expectant fathers.

The doctor did not say so in as many words, but he definitely left the impression that as a race expectant fathers were an erratic, neurotic, ill-informed, panicky lot and that it was high time something was done about them.

He categorised them in classes ranging from the sort who can't stand the strain and have to find consolation in beer and sympathetic male companionship to the type who attend wives with "a sickening uxoriousness" and just make a confounded nuisance of themselves.

The doctor, who is medical officer for East Ham, urged that local health officers should take upon themselves the "onerous task" of providing ante-natal instruction for expectant fathers.

TWAIN MEET Chinese Reds are reading Mark Twain, announced culture officials, was a near-favourite among 130 books of American contemporary and classical writers issued in China in the last few years.

The others: Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, Howard Fast and Albert Maltz.

On to the bookstalls went 500 new titles by modern and classical authors—a new 12-volume series of Shakespeare, books by Dickens, Milton, Fielding, Hardy, Byron, Shelley and Bernard Shaw.

And Hans Andersen's fairy tales.

FUTURE STRETCH Rubber, enthusiastically announced the magazine *Plants*, has a big future in movies. Rubber had already played the parts of: A mermaid's tail—in "Miranda," a whale—in "Moby Dick."

But that wasn't all. "Rubber," said the magazine, official journal of the Incorporated Society of Plants, "can appear like living flesh, which makes it very useful for film making."

Rubber deceives the eye to help stretch the imagination.

WIRE-TAP WONDER Private detective Bernard Spindel, a heavily built young man with a punch, has fooled his critics by showing how he could tap a telephone while it is still in the cradle, which people said could not be done.

Thirty-three-year-old Spindel is one new type of "private eyes" who have not been popularised by writers like Raymond Chandler. He is an electronics expert, and calls himself the "Lone Wolf Wire-tapper." He is probably America's leading expert in his line.

He was called in to help a Congressional judiciary committee to make up its mind about now bills which would outlaw wire-tapping as an invasion of privacy—even when used to trap spies, traitors and kidnappers.

From his New York office, Spindel produced an impressive array of recorders and microphones.

Committee chairman, Congressman Emanuel Celler, got his first surprise when Spindel told him he had just tapped the telephone at his elbow. Celler had not used it. But Spindel pressed a button and the Congressman heard a play-back of

what Celler had just been saying.

"How is it done?" asked the chairman. Said Spindel: "I'll tell you in private session."

LIQUOR RIVER The Cornish River Bleu flowed hard last week—and it was just a bit too strong for the fish and the swans to stomach. Through ten alcoholic days 35,000 gallons of mead—a strong brew made from honey—was poured into the small river. The brew had gone bad—and the mead-makers had gone broke.

As customs officers watched to see ALL the brew went down the river, sixty rats of the kind known as night-caps of the ancient Britons—were emptied, one by one.

But the River Bleu wasn't a big enough river to dilute the mead much. The trout for which the river was noted, have died deep and deep—and so have the other fish, except for a few tiddly tidlers.

For their own good ducks have been kept to the river banks ever since a swan was seen zigzagging his way happily down to the sea.

ANCIENT SURGERY Scientists have proof that ancient Britons developed surgery to a high degree nearly 1500 years ago. The left leg bone of a Saxon man who lived between 500 and 700 A.D. found at Grimston recently shows it had been fractured and mended, as well as modern surgeons could manage it.

Said Dr C. P. B. Wells: "I have a most skilfully mended fracture which could only have been performed under an anaesthetic."

The anaesthetic? Either a strong dose of mead or some kind of narcotic made from plants.

COMES THE DAXEKE They call it a daxeke and they believe it will make a good house-dog. It is a cross between a dachshund and a poodle—more exactly than the former and stronger than the peke.

The breeders are Mr and Mrs W. H. Arncliffe of the Ball Inn, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire, and they believe the daxeke combines the best features of both breeds.

Divorce as usual in A-bomb town

THE MAN IN THE THICK LEAD SUIT By Daniel Lang. Gillanes. 13s. 6d. 207 pages.

SOMETIMES in early morning moments at Las Vegas a brilliance many times brighter than the sun obliterates for a second the pageant of the Nevada dawn. Far from being alarmed or awe-struck by this phenomenon any Las Vegas who may be awake consult their watches, and at a leisurely pace go to open doors and windows.

In just seven minutes, the atomic wave will arrive and if windows and doors are open less glass will be shattered, less woodwork split.

Proving station

Las Vegas has learned that much since the first ugly rumour arrived in 1950 that the United States Government was about to establish a proving station for nuclear weapons at Yucca Flat near by.

Until that moment, Las Vegas had looked forward with confidence to a future of growing prosperity as a divorce resort that was beginning to challenge Reno and as a gambling capital that was drawing the big-money movie players.

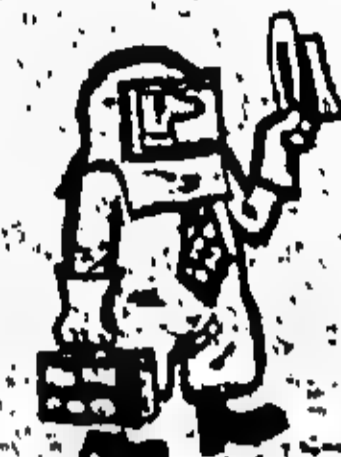
Notices outside the town's chapels uttered their message of hope to the unwearying: "Organ—Music—Flowers—Photographs—Immediately!" while a non-stop service brought the 10,000-dollar gamblers down from Lee Angeles.

Chill shadow

The prospect of the atomic proving station cast a chilling shadow over all this scene. The tourists would be frightened off. Divorce business would go elsewhere. The roulette-balls might bounce unnoticed from one number into another at the atomic blast. Notices were posted announcing that in each event the ruling of the House would be final.

But as things have turned out, Las Vegas has taken nuclear detonations in its stride.

● LAS VEGAS believed the nearby atom tests would frighten off their profitable stream of would-be divorcees. Instead, the big bangs brought on a boom.



NEW BOOK REVIEW

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

executive director of Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, Tennessee, is ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church—and winces at the suggestion that troubled conscience had some part in his spiritual evolution.

The luckiest man in America is the miner who finds uranium in which uranium had replaced the vegetable tissues, and a quarter of a million dollars. And the unluckiest woman?

Consider the plight of Mrs W. R. Grace (of a wealthy shipping family) whose 1,000-acre hunting preserve was acquired for an H-bomb site. "The hydrogen bomb hasn't been the only surprise. This last winter we had one of our coldest snaps and the camellias went. And in New York, the Ritz-Carlton's come down."

Mrs Grace is taking the atomic age right on the chin.

WALTER SCOTT By Hesketh Pearson. Methuen. 21s. 295 pages.

F Walter Scott had been precise and methodical, instead of being careless and profuse, he would have been a typical Edinburgh lawyer. For he loved whiskey, good talk, racing. His respected tales, although on the whole, he preferred low company.

He was a snob in an age when not to be a snob was almost an affliction. If he looked up to the Duke of Buccleuch as head of his clan and to Viscount Melville as the arch-dispenser of jobs and favours in Scotland, his closest friend was an ex-poacher, Tom Purdie.

But he was not businesslike, while loving to spend money, he hated managing it. Had he possessed the characteristic virtues of the Scottish legal mind as well as its tastes, Scott would never have been the most successful author of his age—and he would never have been ruined.

Unmanly

He was the Great Unknown, as he is today the Great Unread. While he lived it was a breach of good manners for a visitor to Scotland to refer openly to "Scott's novels." Scott seems to have thought that writing novels—unlike writing poetry—was a slightly unmanly and more than a little undignified.

Besides, it came so easily. While he fished for salmon in his cosy little seclusion in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, where all he did was sign his name—which, as he pointed out, was short—for £1,600 a year of Tory government money, he was creating the characters who appear in his books.

The process of invention went on almost automatically. To make money like that was almost to obtain it by false pretences. With a genuine contempt for his own work, Scott said: "I don't care a curse what I write or what becomes of it."

Once an old school-fellow confessed that he had claimed to be the author of a Waverley novel, and offered the only suitable reparation—a duel. Scott said: "Claim the lot if you like." His friend never spoke to him after that.

If he was secretive about his authorship, he was even more secretive over another fact: he was the hidden partner of his printers. He backed their credit with his own; they provided cash which he used to make himself a landed gentleman.

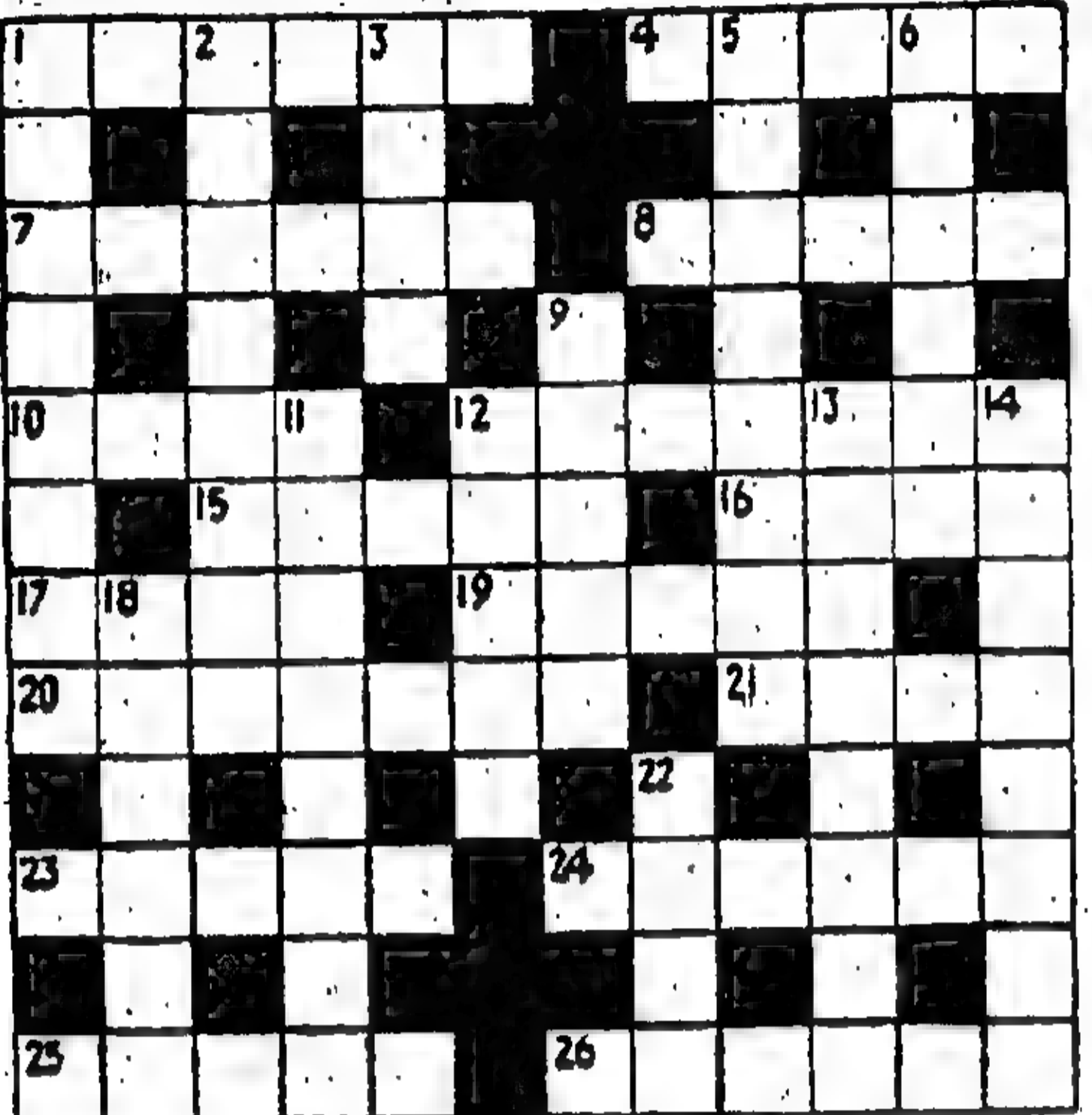
Went bankrupt

He bought a property on the banks of the Tweed with a pleasant little house. It was called Clarty (i.e., dirty). Hole. He tore down the little house and built himself a vast, bogus castle, the Laird of Clarty Bogle became the Baronet of Abbotsford.

He enjoyed himself enormously, pouring out money on the project until one day in 1825 there was a financial panic on the London market. His business associates, who had been imprudent, went smoothly bankrupt. Scott decided to pay in full—£116,000 of debt, with accumulating interest.

In writing the life of the estimable genius, Pearson says that he was never far from the elbow of his Edinburgh lawyer, indignantly scolding the honest, undaringly comic personality who makes the greatest appeal.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Safe (6).
 - Month (5).
 - Hang around (6).
 - Get up (5).
 - Successful stroke (4).
 - Take the chair (7).
 - Sword (5).
 - Detail (4).
 - Uniform (4).
 - Join (5).
 - Swirl (7).
 - Ireland (4).
 - Precipitous (5).
 - Hurry (8).
 - Diver (5).
 - Interfere (6).
- DOWN**
- Chose (8).
 - Muddies (8).
 - Regretted (4).
 - Hanger-on (8).
 - Within (6).
 - Tendency (5).
 - Leopards (8).
 - Dried plum (5).
 - Repeated (8).
 - Fame (8).
 - Frey (8).
 - Wise (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Molasses, 8 Esteem, 9 Regiment, 11 Attained, 12 Idol, 13 Debut, 18 Dosed, 19 Agree, 22 Headline, 24 Dialogue, 25 Erects, 26 Needless. Down: 1 Debar, 2 State, 3 Merited, 4 Omen, 5 Avid, 6 Steady, 7 Settle, 10 Genius, 14 Bored, 15 Tenders, 16 Harden, 17 Pursue, 20 Ditch, 21 Tense, 22 Howl, 23 Ages.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

If Looks Could Kill

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE SUGGESTION THAT THE DEAD CIGAR BUTT BE SACRIFICED FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC HEALTH.



ONE WAY TO TELL IF A STORY WILL GO OVER IS TO TELL IT.

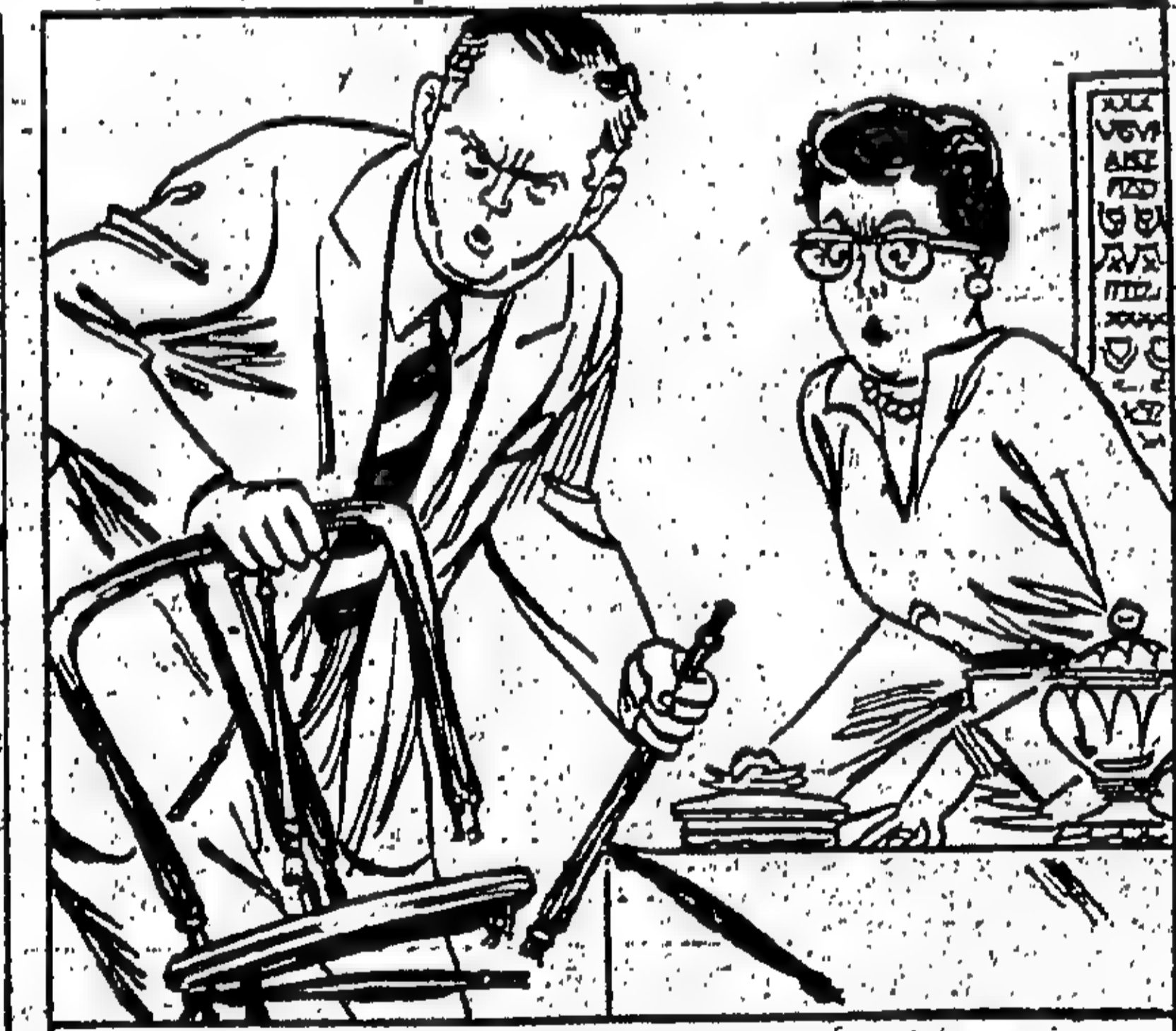


IT IS DISCOURAGING WHEN YOU TRY TO BE FRIENDLY TO GET NOTHING BUT SNIFFS AND A LETHAL LOOK.



WE INSIST YOU STAY FOR DINNER. WE CAN ALWAYS WHIP UP SOMETHING!

OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!



IT WAS HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR UNTIL HE SAT ON IT.



TAKE ANYTHING YOU LIKE, THAT'S HOW HE GOT 'EM!



ANOTHER BUTTON MISSING!—WHAT DO YOU DO AROUND HERE ALL DAY?

HE'LL BE MISSING A COUPLE OF TEETH NEXT.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Weekly News Magazine Starts Tonight

Cockell-Marciano Fight Broadcast On Tuesday

"This Week" is the title of a new weekly magazine programme which Radio Hongkong will present every Saturday at 7.30 p.m. It will bring listeners news, reports and interviews on some of the week's events, in and out of Hongkong.

Some of the items will be recorded in the studios during the week, whilst others will be accounts made on the spot. For instance, Timothy Birch went out to So Kung Wan on Wednesday and talked to two officers of the 24th Field Regiment, Royal Engineers, who were responsible for building the Bailey bridge across a 20-foot wide chasm which appeared on the Castle Peak Road during Tuesday's downpour.

Also in the programme is an interview with Mr. H. A. Angus, MBE, Director of Commerce and Industry, on the Hongkong stand at the British Industries Fair.

Rudolf Friml talks about his latest compositions, and Derek Bromhall, Chief Scientific Officer of the Fisheries Research Unit, Hongkong University, describes the Manila Ray caught last Saturday. "This Week" is compiled by Donald Brooks.

BOXING

When Don Cockell meets Rocky Marciano in San Francisco on Monday, he will be the first British boxer since Tommy Farr to challenge for the World Heavyweight Championship.

An edited commentary by Desmond Andrews, from the BBC, can be heard by listeners to Radio Hongkong at half past eight on Tuesday evening, on the World Heavyweight Championship between Rocky Marciano (USA), the holder, versus Don Cockell (Great Britain), the British and Empire Champion.

RUDOLF FRIML

The world famous composer and pianist, Rudolf Friml, who is at present in Hongkong on a protracted vacation, will be in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Friday evening, at quarter past eight, to play for listeners some of his own compositions. As already mentioned above, he can also be heard this evening in the programme "This Week" in which he will talk to Allen Woods about himself and his music.

RECITAL

Mary Richardson, one of the most accomplished pianists at present in the Colony, will give another piano recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening. Her programme is a very varied one, and includes Chopin's Polonaise in A Major, Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, and in a May Morning by John Ireland. The programme can be heard at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

ELECTION APPEALS

There will be more election appeals this week, and they will be broadcast at nine minutes past eight on the following days:

Saturday, Philip Fogdall - Liberal Party;
Sunday, Edith Pitt, OBE, MP - Conservative Party;
Tuesday, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, CH - Labour;
Wednesday, Margaret Herbyson, MP - Labour Party;
Thursday, the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, - Conservative Party.

POLICE BAND

On Tuesday evening, at three minutes past six, listeners can hear a concert by the Band of the Hongkong Police, by kind permission of Mr. A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police. The band will be under the direction of Mr. W. B. Foster, ARCM.

VARIETY

Two variety artists who were in the Colony for a short time recently are Joe Elboz and Trevor Jones. While they were here, they recorded a programme of "Musical Moments" which will be on the air at half past eight on Wednesday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 260 kilocycles per second and on 1240 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sunday

10.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.05 P.M. MORNING MELODY.
10.10 P.M. RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, HONGKONG.
10.15 P.M. FRANCISCA (VIOLIN) WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.
10.20 P.M. MORNING MELODY.
10.25 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
10.30 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.35 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
10.40 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.45 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
10.50 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
11.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.05 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
11.10 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.15 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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11.45 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
11.50 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
12.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Monday

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
1.35 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.40 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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2.50 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, MAY 14

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
1.35 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MONDAY, MAY 16

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

1.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 P.M. NEWS SUMMARY.
1.15 P.M. TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.20 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.25 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Tuesday

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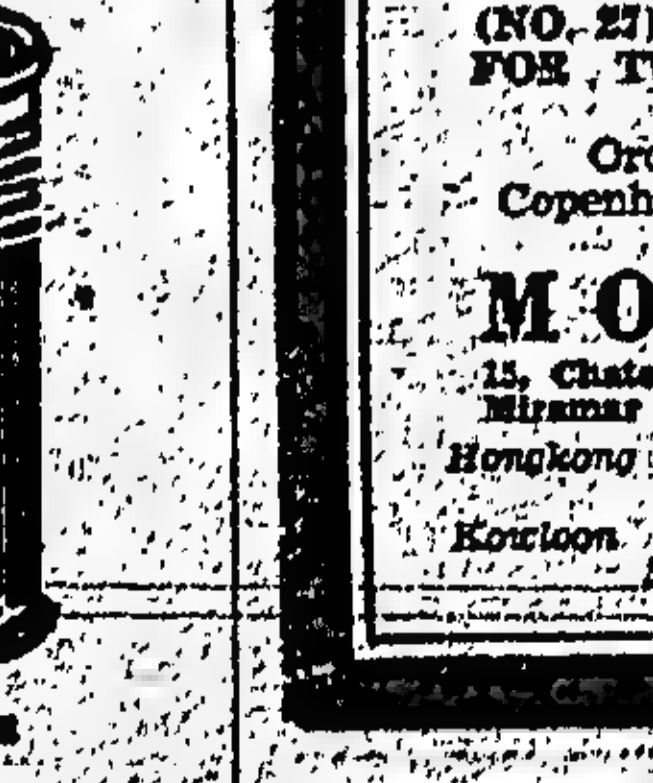
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Saturday

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1.05 P.M. LIGHT MUSIC.
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2.55 P.M. MUSIC IN THE AIR.
3.00 P.M. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FERDINAND



Moutries

PARLOPHONE RECORDS

SYLVIA (Delibes) - FAUST (Gounod)
Ballet Music by The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Hugo Rignold.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE (Rimsky-Korsakov)
The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Anatole Fistoulari.

LE CID Ballet Music and Moorish Rhapsody (Massenet)
The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.

WIND SYMPHONY (Richard Strauss)
The London Baroque Ensemble, conducted by Karl Haas.

DOUBLE CONCERTO IN F MAJOR (Op. 27) - DOUBLE CONCERTO IN F MAJOR FOR TWO ORCHESTRAS (Mand)
Orchestra of the Collegium Musicum Copenhagen, conducted by Lavar Frisholm.

MOUTRIES

15, Chater Road, Hong Kong. Tel. 2857.
HONG KONG SHOWROOM, open all day Saturday and Sunday.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

EXAMPLE SET IN CLUB PRINCIPLES IS REFLECTED IN PLAYERS' DEMEANOUR

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

I have just been reading an article written by an unnamed sports-writer in an English provincial newspaper and it contains some well reasoned points. Many of them are parochial but one statement is worth the thought of those who play football far removed from the writer's sphere of interest.

He says "The great trouble with the game today is that the players of yesterday have been replaced by cold businessmen, and the generous sporting officials of a few short years ago have been superseded by a new race whose interest in what happens within the confines of the touchlines is governed only by the material gain—or lack of it—that success or failure will bring."

There is much in that for a soccer fan. It is not the slightest doubt that in many corners of the football world it is very true, but in fairness to those who still believe that the game is the thing, let us admit that there are exceptions, both among players and among officials.

A famous English international made the accusation not very long ago that the present grub-grub act started in the board rooms and percolated down to the dressing room, and I believe there is more than just a shade of truth in that too.

AN INFLUENCE

The actions of a club and its methods must have an influence on the immediate, and subsequent, behaviour of its players. If a club is generous and fair in its approach to one game then the respectability will be the same, but if it is ruthless in its pursuit then it is inevitable that many of the players will learn the same way.

I thought of this while watching happenings in the Stanley Shield competition and I think, for those who care to look, there is a lot to learn about the various clubs and their particular outlook on the game—yes, even on a minor seven-a-side tournament like this one.

Those who should know tell me rather cryptically—because the rules of the competition are firm or flexible according to their interpretation by clubs.

I got a hold of a set of the rules and, as I understand the SPIRIT of what is written, it means that one entry is available to every team competing in the four divisions of the League run by the HKFA.

This means, for example, that Dairy Farm, or Gymnastic or Tai Kwo get one entry because they have one team in the competition. It means also that all the First Division sides, with the exception of the Royal Navy, get two entries—one for the Senior team and one because they also have a side competing in the Second Division.

There are those fair-minded folks who believe that the spreading of First Division stars through their two sevens is a breach of the spirit of the competition, because it usually means that a well staffed senior side fields two star-studded teams, and their junior players, on whose membership they get their second entry, are excluded.

I know there are those who will find a way round this reasoning but surely if the little teams get one entry and are restricted to their normal playing strength, the same yard-

stick must be applied to those of the less sporting big-timers to compel them to honour their entry by including one selection from their senior side and one bona fide seven from their junior side.

There is a world of difference between the will-to-win, and the will-to-win-at-any-cost, but a comment at the Club Stadium to the effect that some of our top clubs have reached the stage of being afraid to lose merely shows how thin is the division between the two of them in this Colony.

FUNNY SIDE

Actually there is a funny side to the whole thing for on Monday evening several of the big Chinese teams were in action. One of them arrived at the ground for a 'B' fixture with a genuine junior line-up but when they saw that some of the rival sides had played their cards differently they spent a hectic hour or so dashing round the town trying to contact star players to boost their side.

However, the effort was too late, the search was unfruitful, and their 'B' team made an honourable exit from the Shield.

Such incidents serve to press home the fact that winning has become more important than playing. It is inevitable that such policy by clubs must spread to the players, but the game has nothing to gain from either development.

ALL TOO SELDOM

The opportunity to write worthy pleasures comes all too seldom but when it does it brings a refreshing breeze into the game. This week the MacTavish mail brought three very welcome letters, one from Australia, one from Panama, and one from old friend Jack Skinner on the last stage of his trip to England... wishing all of them about football in Hongkong.

The communication from Australia deals mainly with the forthcoming visit by South China to the local squad, and promises the Caroline Hill boys a great welcome.

According to the letter past memories of visitors from Hongkong are still fresh and pleasant and the writer, says, our last representatives—Eastern— the compliment of saying that their conduct on and off the field, was an example to all who play the game.

South China have a jealous record to preserve and there is every reason to feel confident that it could not be in better hands, either in the sense of playing ability or in field and social conduct.

One might have expected that a writer who took the trouble to voice his opinion and pleasure in regard to Hongkong football might have mentioned some of the players who went there two years ago, but strangely enough only Chan Kar-sau got a word or two... Instead the credit for the prestige of the last touring party is given, almost entirely, to Mr. L. Channing who managed the team.

The writer finishes his letter with the request that I tell Mr. Channing that many in the football community in Australia hope that he will be in the South China party. I pass on the compliment with pleasure and I have already heard a whisper that there is a suggestion he should join the South China party.

Let's hope he accepts for with the Olympic Games just ahead we need all the good ambassadors we can get, especially down under.

NOT ALL AS GOOD

Fond Jack Skinner comes news of Olympic football, and not all of the news is as good as we might have expected. Preparations for staging the football competition has not advanced very far beyond the embryo stage and Jack gives it as his opinion that a very big effort will be needed to get arrangements completed satisfactorily. There are also one or two matters of soccer policy that will be widely discussed before the Games take place.

One concerns exemption from the regional qualifying competition. When the Games were staged in Finland the host country was 'seeded' through to the last 16 competitors. There is a feeling in Australia that they should and will get the same exemption, but I believe they may be disappointed in this respect.

According to present plans the Olympic Final will be staged at Olympic Park—10,000 seats and 25,000 standing—on December 8, 1956, before the closing ceremony. Some folks seem to think that Melbourne in Summer will be too hot at that time of the day but the Australian I say that there will be no difficulty in staging the game.

Jack Skinner has forwarded his report on the Melbourne football facilities to FIFA, but in spite of the importance of his work he says the biggest thrill in his visit to Australia was to hear the high praise that is freely given to Hongkong football and footballers.

WEEK'S GAMES

This week's programme is as follows:
Today: Stanley Shield, Club Stadium, 4 p.m.

Tomorrow: Stanley Shield, Club Stadium, 6 p.m. (Final at 9.30).

Wednesday: Champions versus The Rest, Junior K&A v. The Rest at Club Stadium at 6.45 p.m. Senior: South China v. The Rest at Club Stadium at 8.15 p.m.

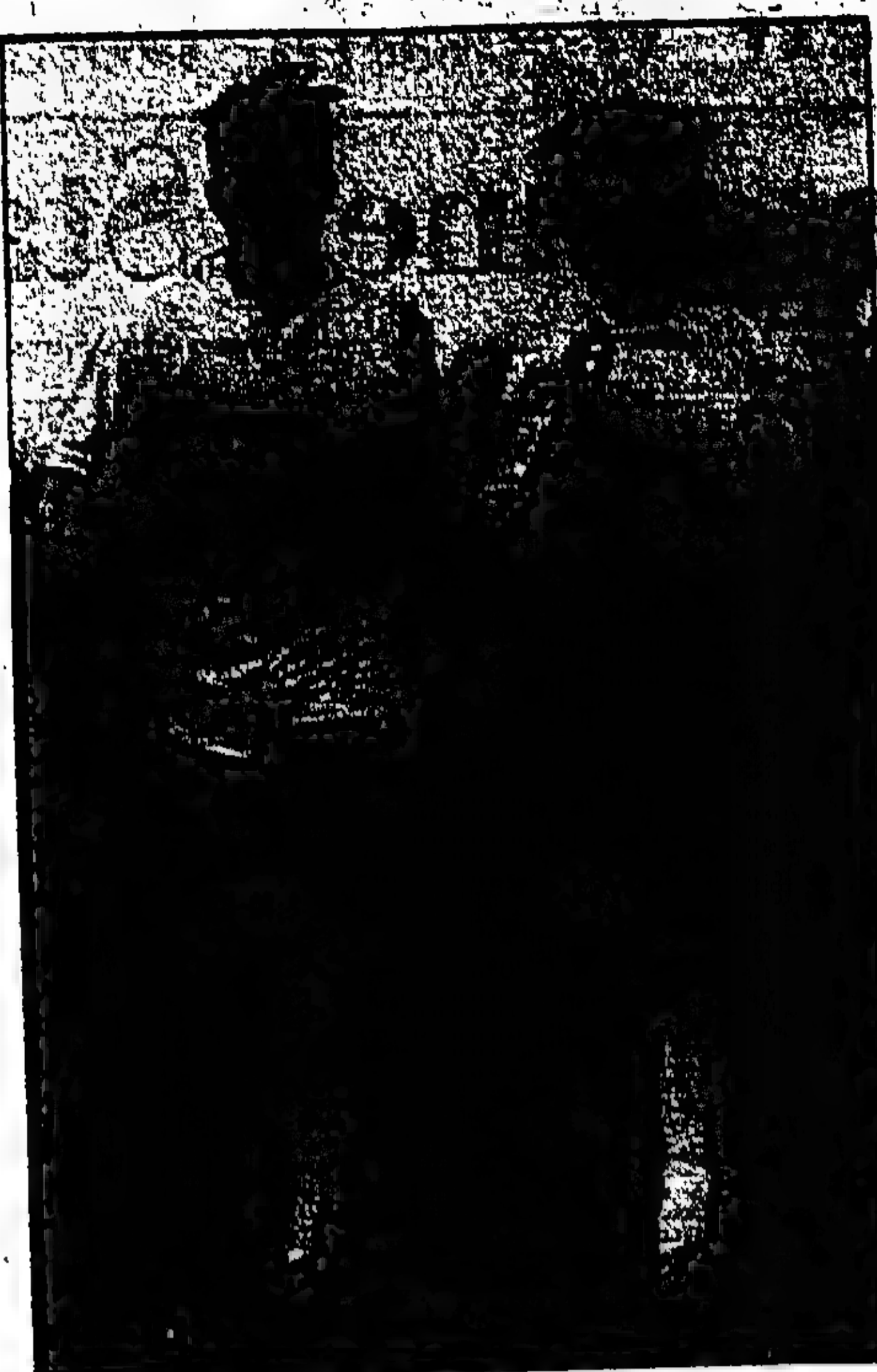
SPORTS QUIZ

May 16 is International Boxing's biggest day. Rocky Marciano defends his World Heavyweight title against Don Cockell. What of the colour, battles and Champions of the past? These questions will search your memories.

1. Nicknames of past Champions. What were the real names: Gentleman Jim; Lil' Arthur; Brown Bomber; The Gnat; Cowboy.
2. Real names please for these men who fought for the world title and failed: Wild Bull of the Pampas; Boston Tar Baby; Two Ton Tony; The Tonypandy Terror.
3. These anagrams disguise the names of four World Champions. Who are they? IORPM, RACREAN, MMYOT, SUNBR, ENGE, NEYUTN, AMX AREB.
4. Which current film star once fought two World Champions, Jack Johnson and Jess Willard?
5. Who followed Joe Louis as World Champion? To whom did he lose the title?
6. Who won the world title knocking the reigning holder down seven times in the first round and later did the same to one of his challengers?
7. In prize ring days fights were often ended by police intervention. This happened to a world title bout within the last fifty years. Which one?
8. What two brothers fought for the world title, the first successfully in 1924, the second unsuccessfully seven years later?
9. In 1947 a certain J. L. Barry beat an Arnold Cream. In 1948 he did it again. Both events were world news. Why?
10. The largest purse and the largest reception belong to the same world title fight. Which one?

(Answers See Page 17)

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pamela Seaborne, 19-year-old co-holder of the English record for the 80 Metres Hurdles, shown with her fiancé, 23-year-old Empire Games Pole Vault Champion Geoff Elliott. They plan to marry in August.—Central Press Photo.

The Road Back For Turpin Depends On Whether He Can Take A Punch

Says DENNIS HART

The Randolph Turpin enigma remains. Three months ago, he left behind the fame and shame gained as a middleweight to fight as a cruiser. Out of action for nine months, his first come-back fight was against Ray Schmidt of Luxembourg. A tough opponent, Herr Schmidt—"We'll soon know if Randy can make the grade," was the general feeling. What happened? Turpin won in the eighth round. But he hardly set the town on fire—even his near-native town of Birmingham. "He's still on the way out," sneered the critics. "Wait and see," countered his admirers.

Came a box against even tougher opposition, Spanish Heavyweight Champion Jose Gonzalez.

Turpin won, leaving the burly Spaniard nursing a broken nose and ruefully declaring, "If Turpin is on the way out, I'm glad I didn't meet him on the way in." But apart from a quick-fire first round—which reshaped the Gonzalez nose—Turpin was not impressive.

The argument continued. Turpin came his fight at Harrogate, this week, against Alex Buxton, British Cruiserweight Champion, as tough as task and with an explosive punch. This, it was felt, must decide. Both men staking a title, Turpin his Empire Crown, Buxton his British championship. And more, two boxing careers were in the balance.

FANFARES BLARING

Harrington's atmosphere was electric as first Buxton then Turpin made their way to the ring, fanfares blaring, their gleaming faces picked out by powerful spotlights.

After these high-powered preliminaries, anticlimax. A first round which would have disgraced a bar-room brawl; a second, which for two and a quarter minutes was no better.

Then... climax. Before the onslaught of a left to the stomach and a right to the chin, Buxton's semi-paralysed form slumped to the canvas.

Back in the dressing room, Buxton summoned his flagging senses. As though through a fog came a plaintive plea, "What hit me?"

What indeed? Few of the crowd saw. They had been too busy giving the slow hand-clap.

Their reaction was quicker than Buxton's—understandably so. They rose to cheer, to welcome Randy back to the big time.

But, leaving the arena, many said "He's still on the way out." And seldom has a fight had a more mixed press reception.

"Turpin The Magnificent," said one newspaper, "Turpin Wins Leaves Future Still In Doubt," said another, while a third greeted the new British champion with: "What A Farce."

So what can we make of Turpin?

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Div. Record: "B" v. KCC, Derby "A" v. KCC, "B" v. KCC, "C" v. KCC, "D" v. KCC, "E" v. KCC, "F" v. KCC, "G" v. KCC, "H" v. KCC, "I" v. KCC, "J" v. KCC, "K" v. KCC, "L" v. KCC, "M" v. KCC, "N" v. KCC, "O" v. KCC, "P" v. KCC, "Q" v. KCC, "R" v. KCC, "S" v. KCC, "T" v. KCC, "U" v. KCC, "V" v. KCC, "W" v. KCC, "X" v. KCC, "Y" v. KCC, "Z" v. KCC.

2nd Div. Record: "B" v. KCC, Derby "A" v. KCC, "B" v. KCC, "C" v. KCC, "D" v. KCC, "E" v. KCC, "F" v. KCC, "G" v. KCC, "H" v. KCC, "I" v. KCC, "J" v. KCC, "K" v. KCC, "L" v. KCC, "M" v. KCC, "N" v. KCC, "O" v. KCC, "P" v. KCC, "Q" v. KCC, "R" v. KCC, "S" v. KCC, "T" v. KCC, "U" v. KCC, "V" v. KCC, "W" v. KCC, "X" v. KCC, "Y" v. KCC, "Z" v. KCC.

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7th Div. Record: "B" v. KCC, Derby "A" v. KCC, "B" v. KCC, "C" v. KCC, "D" v. KCC, "E" v. KCC, "F" v. KCC, "G" v. KCC, "H" v. KCC, "I" v. KCC, "J" v. KCC, "K" v. KCC, "L" v. KCC, "M" v. KCC, "N" v. KCC, "O" v. KCC, "P" v. KCC, "Q" v. KCC, "R" v. KCC, "S" v. KCC, "T" v. KCC, "U" v. KCC, "V" v. KCC, "W" v. KCC, "X" v. KCC, "Y" v. KCC, "Z" v. KCC.

8th Div. Record: "B" v. KCC, Derby "A" v. KCC, "B" v. KCC, "C" v. KCC, "D" v. KCC, "E" v. KCC, "F" v. KCC, "G" v. KCC, "H" v. KCC, "I" v. KCC, "J" v. KCC, "K" v. KCC, "L" v. KCC, "M" v. KCC, "N" v. KCC, "O" v. KCC, "P" v. KCC, "Q" v. KCC, "R" v. KCC, "S" v. KCC, "T" v. KCC, "U" v. KCC, "V" v. KCC, "W" v. KCC, "X" v. KCC, "Y" v. KCC, "Z" v. KCC.

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10th Div. Record: "B" v. KCC, Derby "A" v. KCC, "B" v. KCC, "C" v. KCC, "D" v. KCC, "E" v. KCC, "F" v. KCC, "G" v. KCC, "H" v. KCC, "I" v. KCC, "J" v. KCC, "K" v. KCC, "L" v. KCC, "M" v. KCC, "N" v. KCC, "O" v. KCC, "P" v. KCC, "Q" v. KCC, "R" v. KCC, "S" v. KCC, "T" v. KCC, "U" v. KCC, "V" v. KCC, "W" v. KCC, "X" v. KCC, "Y" v. KCC, "Z" v. KCC.

Bruce Dooland, the ex-Australian Test player, who played for Australia against England in the 1946/47 Test series, now plays for Nottinghamshire. This great cricketer, probably the best leg-spin bowler in the world, will be writing for the China Mail every Saturday throughout the English cricket season.

ENGLAND'S ON TOP—AND FEELING GOOD

This can be a wonderful season for cricket in England. As an Aussie, a kind of outsider-now-on-the-inside of first class cricket, I can feel and see it more clearly than most. The wonderful success of Len Hutton and his boys against my countrymen during the winter has sent a feeling of new confidence through the pavilions of the country.

For the first time in my recollection—and I came over here shortly after the war—there is the happy feeling among cricketers everywhere that old England is back on top after years of tough struggle, and it feels good. For me too—for nobody has admired more than I have the way English cricket has struggled back on its feet after the shambles the war created; and from the letters I have received from back home England's victory has been received there—because of that background of struggle and effort—almost as warmly as here.

Happy—and this is the most cheering sight from an England point of view—there is no inclination in high quarters to sit back and be complacent about this winning team. The top men in the business have the wit to see that, for all the damage Brian Statham and this new terror of batsmen, Typhoon Tyson, did to our boys, there are still lots of holes in the make-up of the England side.

For instance, the right partner for Len Hutton as opening bats-

man has still to be found—and the younger, he is the better. It could be, of course, that two opening batsmen may be needed this season. Unless Len Hutton finds his best form very early, I can well imagine him doing what he did in New Zealand—bat himself at number five.

For all the fine qualities of Hutton, I think you have to remember that he's not a youngster any more. He is 38. And the intense concentration one needs constantly to open the batting against Test standard bowling doesn't come so easily at that age. Hutton, one of the shyest cricketers I have ever met in any cricket, probably appreciates that point better than anybody else. I don't think he will hesitate to lower himself down the order if he feels it will help the greater efficiency of his side.

THE PERFECT CHOICE

It seems perfectly clear that Tom Graveney, the tall, hard-hitting Gloucestershire batsman, is the perfect choice. He is 38. And the intense concentration one needs constantly to open the batting against Test standard bowling doesn't come so easily at that age. Hutton, one of the shyest cricketers I have ever met in any cricket, probably appreciates that point better than anybody else. I don't think he will hesitate to lower himself down the order if he feels it will help the greater efficiency of his side.

Before I leave Tom, I suspect there is a story of excellent county-cooperation in Gloucestershire's sudden intention to play him as the county opener this summer. I don't know what was being said when "Gubby" Allen, chairman of the England Selections, was in such earnest conversation with George Bennett, the Gloucestershire captain, during the recent county dinner, but I'll wager it had more to do with opening batsmanship than with the weather. Anyway, Tom will get his chance, and his county is slowly but surely helping him to become a better batsman.

By boxing seems the easiest way Turpin will box. Against Buxton, it obviously was not. Fighting him is like getting tangled with an octopus. straight, lefts, uppercuts and right hooks all get tied up in a maze of arms and fists. And at any moment he is liable to unleash the pay-off punch.

Turpin beat him at his own game. So Turpin can box, he can punch. But there is one question unanswered. Can he take a punch?

Even in his halcyon days that was his weakness. It cost him the world middleweight title against Robinson. It cost him the European title against Tiberto Mitri.

And as a cruiser Turpin takes more pounds per punch than the "middle" threw.

But he is tougher than he was in those days, tough enough perhaps to win another world title. His problem will be getting the chance.

(London, Express Service)

But England has even more problems than this. With Colin Cowdrey, the top-class batsman, practice he needs to find Test form now that he has gone into the RAF? I know the Service chiefs are very considerate to the great players who join their ranks, but I am not quite sure that the odd few matches here and there are enough to give a Test batsman the edge he needs.

Cowdrey told me himself that the only reason he did so well in Australia was because he had, week after week, concentrated practice in the early part of the tour against such class bowlers as Alec Bedser, Frank Tyson, Brian Statham, Bob Appleyard, Johnny Wardle and young Peter Loader. Preparation like that makes a tremendous difference.

When I asked Colin how fast Tyson was he immediately rubbed his thigh and told me he could still feel the crack Frank gave him in Adelaide over three months ago.

Then there is the problem of England's holding. It has been brought right up to the surface, not before time—by the advance publicity about the test and the appearance of the South Africans. The Chairman of England's Selections has openly stated that it must be gingered up.

I don't want to tread on anybody's corns, but as a surprise, it has always surprised me that England's cricket administrators—indeed county cricket administrators—have for a long time been so complacent about this department of the game. In my years in England it has never been good enough, and I feel it is high time the attempt was made to gear it up.

Not everybody agrees with the South African pattern of physical fitness and intense daily practice. But I do. The fitter a man is the better he plays, and the longer he lasts, and the more catching, bending and throwing practice he gets, the better he MUST be. It's hard work, but then so it is to gain proficiency in anything. If one wants to reach world standards of perfection.

The thought strikes me—will the England Selections' new demand for bricker and better fielding have repercussions on any of the older players now regarded as regulars? Can fielding fitness compensate, say, for batting or bowling experience?

As an Aussie looking about and taking notes as the season whizzes around us—remember the Australians will be in England again next season—I shall have more to write about these things as form becomes clearer.

COACHING HINT

As the season in the season, when muscles and bones seem to be creating more than last year, bowlers may be inclined to take the easy way out and bowl with a sloppy action. Don't! Get that left foot well across at the point of delivery, so that you get a full body erect into every ball. It might crack a bit, and seem hard work—but it will be worth it. Face off the pitch comes from your body action—so get plenty into it, and start now as you mean to carry on for the season.

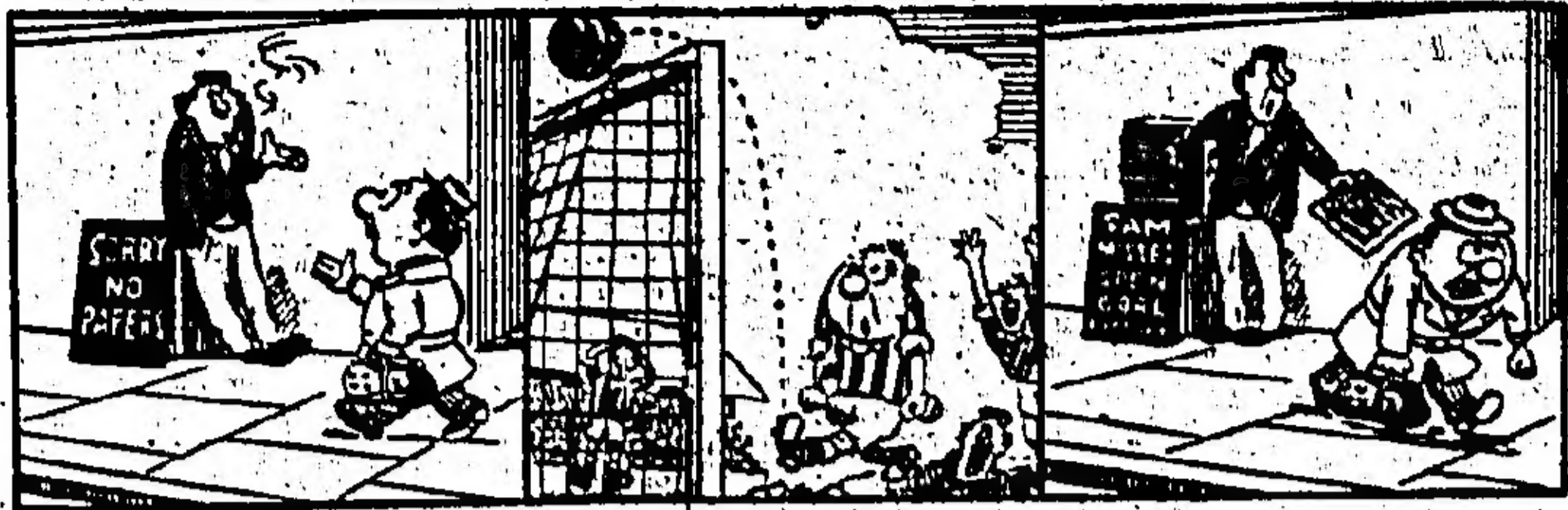
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SPORTING RAM

By Reg. Wootton



MONDAY'S BIG FIGHT

No Short-Cuts For Cockell

By GEORGE WHITING

The Heavyweight Championship of the World is such a big and glittering pot of gold that the means employed to become its possessor are not always, shall we say, highly ethical.

True, your embryo champion has to have the requisite proportions of heart, head and muscle, enough education to enable him to count up to 10, and sufficient sense to keep his big mouth shut outside of carefully prepared scripts.

But hundreds of heavyweights have discovered that these primary qualities are not in themselves a passport to World Championship status.

With the exception of English-born Bob Fitzsimmons, Canada's Tommy Burns, Germany's Max Schmeling, and Italy's Primo Carnera, the heavyweight title has been an exclusive American property since the great John L. Sullivan knocked and hammered at Jake Kilrain for 75 rounds in the last bare-knuckle championship fight at Richburg, Missouri, in 1889.

We may take it, therefore, that if anybody knows how to make Heavyweight Champions it is the Americans.

They are dollar-driven experts, and if, at times, there have been a few managerial manoeuvres some way removed from the ideals and concepts of the Marquess of Queensberry, it is none of your business. Similar stratagems have been employed in England — and bungled.

THE METHOD

The accepted method of building up is to lead your potential champion a steady diet of stiff, stoggy and stumby-puns, all labelled as "opponents," and all carefully instructed as to their exact part in the proceedings — usually confined to sustaining on the floor as convincingly as possible.

By this and similar means, you establish for your fighter a coast-to-coast reputation as a murder-man until such time as gaudy mugs can be assembled to pay for the privilege of watching him in a real fight.

If he wins this one, you and he are swimming in what is called gravy. If he loses, he was only a bum — and an ungrateful one at that.

The intention of this preamble is to point to an exception. If Don Cockell, of Sussex, England, wins the Heavyweight Championship of the world off Rocky Marciano, of Brockton (Mass.), in San Francisco on May 19, nobody will be able to accuse him of having been assisted by soft touches, set-ups, or any other form of pugilistic subterfuge.

He has had to learn his trade the hard way, has acquired a proper apprenticeship, and has bought no cheap from adequately paid quitters.

BECAME CHAMPION

Cockell had won 44, drawn one and lost nine professional fights when, within a month of being laid low by arthritis, he became British Cruiserweight Champion by stopping Mark Hart in the 14th round at Harringay in October 1950.

Since, and including that occasion, he has won 18 and lost two — and it is from the switch-back nature of this period of his career that I think we may try to understand what kind of a man it is who now seeks to bring the Heavyweight Championship of the world to Britain.

In his pre-Hart days, Cockell's sole adventures against an American opponent had ended disastrously when Aaron Wilson polished him off in the sixth round, and again on points.

However, within eight months of vanquishing Hart he had more than levelled the score against Uncle Sam by means of two quick wins over Lloyd Marshall (one on a foul), the outpointing of Freddie Beahere, and a sixth-round knock-out over Nick Barone.

Add to these a successful defence of his British title against Croydon's Albert Finch, and it will be conceded that Don Cockell was very much a man of the moment at the end of 1951.

They were even talking of him fighting Joey Maxim for the world cruiserweight title.

Came Harringay, and the night of December 4.

Prince Philip is in the ring shaking hands with a line of British champions in unaccustomed dinner jackets.

Don Cockell, standing in his corner before demolishing, with a few perfunctory punches, an ill-considered Virginia Negro called Jimmy Slade, also gets a Royal handshake.

Everybody, in fact, seems to be in the act except poor Slade. Suddenly, however, Prince Philip leaves the line-up, walks over to a pop-eyed Slade, shakes his hand and wishes him luck.

WORKED WONDERS

"Gee, I done shook hands with a real live Prince. I guess that puts me in the same league as the President," Slade told me later.

That handshake worked wonders with Jimmy's morale. After fewer than four rounds Cockell was lying helplessly on the ropes taking so much punishment from his cock-a-bop opponent, that the referee felt obliged to intervene.

Ten minutes later, in the haven of the dressing-room, we received our first official confirmation of the weight troubles that some of us had long suspected were besetting Cockell.

Every mouthful of food and drink Don consumed, said manager John Simpson, ran to fat, and no amount of training could stay the process.

Whatever the cause Cockell had drained himself of every fluid ounce of sap and energy to meet a weight stipulation of 12 stone 12lb. against Slade, and his next assignment was an overhaul in Hammermith Hospital.

Six months later came smooth words of reassurance. Cockell was now fit, we were told, and ready to go against Randolph Turpin, whom he would undoubtedly get alive.

When I wrote a piece declaring disbelief in these blarney-mongers half the population of Battersea wrote and told me I was "anti-Cockell."

What really happened was that Cockell had to sweat off more than three stone at his Brighton training camp.

As we all know, Turpin played with the man who now fights Marciano, turned on the heat in the eleventh round, and won as he pleased.

THE SLUMP

From the purple heights of championship purses at Harringay Cockell slumped four months later to the outer suburbs of a minor arena at Streatham, where we accorded him only scant acclamation for a second-round knock-out over a fast-fading Irish Champion, Paddy Slewin.

Cockell, as a heavyweight, it seemed, was good for gas and not much else — an impression confirmed by a winning, but ugly, brawl against the lanky Yorkshire games master, Frank Bell, at the Royal Albert Hall three weeks later.

Even officialdom was affronted by this travesty of a boxing match.

Cockell, said the British Boxing Board of Control, could fight Tommy Farr in a title eliminator at Nottingham, but their inspector would be watching, and only if the winner displayed some semblance of near-championship form would he be permitted to argue dominion with the reigning champion, Johnny Williams.

CALCULATED

Cockell boxed beautifully, intelligently and with calculated venom against Farr, punched all organised resistance out of his veteran opponent in seven rounds, and has not put a foot wrong since.

In May 1953 he outpointed Williams to become British and Empire Champion, and began to repeat as a heavyweight, the embarrassment of opponents he had encountered in his early days as a cruiserweight.

Cash that once trickled, began to gush.

On the night of July 30 last year, within an hour of his smashing America's Harry Matthews to an eighth-round retirement in the summer air of Seattle, Cockell and I drank a meditative beer and watched the lights on the shore twinkle their multi-coloured reflections in the Pacific.

"Nice place," I ventured.

"Not bad," replied Cockell. "But those lights would not look so bright if I had lost."

San Francisco is on the same Pacific coast. I wonder what the lights will be looking like on May 19?

(London Express Service)

TOP SENIOR TEAMS CLASH IN THE LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

After a rather tame start last week the Lawn Bowls League season warms up this afternoon when no fewer than four top senior teams will clash against each other.

At Recreation, the champion Recreation "Blues" will be hosts to the indomitable Kowloon Cricket Club twelve, and at Happy Valley an optimistic and confident Craigengower squad will take on their main island rivals, Indian Recreation Club.

Daily season form may be deceptive, but the results of these two matches this afternoon, if decisive enough, will have an important bearing on the final destination of the coveted Senior Division League title.

MEMORIES

For the Recreation "Blues" bowlers their match this afternoon against Kowloon Cricket Club will bring back memories of the fine fighting spirit of the Coast Road wood-pashers who last year claimed the distinction of not only defeating the champions in the first round by 3-2, but of improving that feat in the return match with a margin of four points to one.

In that first match the rink skipped by Jimmy Wong who had Tony Lopez, C. I. Stapleton and F. K. Kerman as his front men, played a great part in the club's triumph by carrying the side with a 24-9 win over a Recreation rink skipped by Joe Luz. Jimmy and his men failed to reproduce that same brilliant form in the second game, but the other rinks, skipped by Tommy Baker and Bill Hong Sing, pulled their team through.

There have been slight changes in both teams since then, both in the composition of the teams and in the skipping department, but the relative strength seems to be about the same, with the cricketers' side slightly depleted in the absence of Jack Lubbo, Fred Hadar and Tommy Lock. The main man the match will be one between age and youth (in terms of lawn bowls reckoning), and in the skipping department, Recreation "Blues" hold a slight advantage in the matter of experience.

The KCC men-men from the No. 1's to the No. 3's may perhaps do well to remember this, for whether their side will be able to repeat their brilliant performance of last year or will depend mainly on their ability to outplay their opposing front-men.

Give their skips the lie and a favourable position as much as they can and they will be able to make a fight out of it. Average play only on their part may mean a 4-1 defeat.

SURPRISING

A rather surprising feature of the Recreation line-up is the playing of C. Rosa-Pereira at No. 2 after his 100 per cent skipping record last season.

Mention of this point does not in any way reflect on the capabilities of the three Recreation skips, Raoul Luz, Johnny Ribeiro and Jackie Noronha, but serves only to remind of that bulwark that all up and coming young skips are up against everywhere.

Here perhaps the words of a famous Australian bowler and cricketer may be instructive. He said: "If you want to get anywhere in the game of bowls, don't star as a lead only. Of what use is all-round play if players are never given the chance to demonstrate and maintain this in matches? In our case they can say 'good-bye' to the movements learnt, which include firm, faster, and faster shots and all the fine points that go to make a first-class player."

"Someone has to lay the mat down, but why the young generation except for a limited term? When the men whose sleeves are not so elastic, who are feeling the stress of the years, but who can draw the shot with the next are available, they should be used exclusively as leads and are usually very reliable."

DOUBTFUL

Coming back to the other big match of this afternoon, I doubt very much if Indian Recreation

Club on their performance, last week would be able to repeat their previous season's 4-1 win over Craigengower at Happy Valley.

The Valley club is a well balanced team this season, and perhaps for the first time in many years is playing almost every man in his right position.

The Indians, on the other hand, showed up only one really consistent risk last week and that was the four skipped by A. M. Omar.

Craigengower will boost their bid for the title considerably should they take maximum points this afternoon, and they seem to be fully capable of taking at least four points from this game.

In the Second Division games favourites should have a field day. Top favourites Kowloon Dock are not expected to meet with any serious opposition from Filipino Club and are well set for the maximum count.

Hongkong Football Club, also top contenders, are likely to take full points from the Hongkong Cricket Club to maintain their 100 per cent record.

Kowloon Cricket Club should at least take four points if not five from USHC who are this year without such stalwarts as Edwards and Osgrove.

The PRC-TC battle will be comparatively the closest Second Division game of the afternoon, but even here a 4-1 win for Talcoo is more than likely.

With KBCG taking a bye in the Third Division this weekend, interest will be focused on Prison Officers' Club and USHC in their games against Kowloon Dock and Police.

In their opening matches last week, POC, USHC and KBCG each chalked up four points each and the POC-KBCG encounter will provide the main highlight of today's Third Division games.

Both sides are capable of playing good bowls, but the odds rest slightly with the Prison Officers, who have been practising assiduously for the last few weeks.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. James J. Corbett, Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Jess Willard.
2. Luis Angel Firpo, Sam Langford, Tony Galento, Tommy Farr.
3. Primo Carnera, Tommy Burns, Gene Tunney, Max Baer.
4. Victor McLaglen.
5. Ezzard Charles. He lost the title to Jersey Joe Walcott.
6. Jack Dempsey when winning the title from Willard in 1919 and defending it against Firpo in 1923.
7. In 1906 at Sydney when police intervened in the fourteenth round of the fight in which Jack Johnson took the world title from Tommy Burns.
8. Max and Buddy Baer.
9. J. L. Barrow is Joe Louis (Joseph Louis Barrow) and Arnold Cream is the real name of Jersey Joe Walcott.
10. The second Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey fight, at Soldier's Field Chicago, in 1927. Receipts were 2,650,680 dollars. Tunney's purse was 990,445 dollars.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recreation "Blues" v. KCC
Recreation "Whites" v. KBCG
IRC "G" v. PRC
CCC v. IRC "B"
FC (bye).

Second Division
KCC v. FC
PRC v. TC
HKCC v. HKFC
KCC v. USHC
CCC (bye).

Third Division
KCC v. FC
POC v. KCC
USHC v. PRC
HKFC v. HKRCG
KBCG (bye).

SPORTS BRIEFS

Arthur Row, manager of Tottenham Hotspur Football Club, who had a nervous breakdown last year, is ill again. He will miss his club's end of the season programme. Although given indefinite leave of absence by Spurs directors, Mr Rowe has denied rumours that he will not return to White Hart Lane.

Sir Gordon Richards, former Champion jockey, now a trainer, is importing horses from the Continent. Sir Gordon started the season with nothing but two year-olds in his stable, but as a result of several visits to France, he has bought in three year-olds from that country.

Seamus O'Connell, the Bishop Auckland and England amateur boxer, who has assisted Cheesha on occasions this season, will be a Stamford Bridge regular next year. He would have liked to play for Cheesha more often this season, but fulfilled his promise to assist Bishop Auckland in their important Cup matches. Although likely to be Cheesha's regular choice for inside left, O'Connell says he will remain an amateur.

Terence Murphy, one of Britain's youngest and brightest middleweight prospects, has tough assignment at London's Empire Hall on May 10. He meets Manda Hansen, a Liverpool-born Dane who has beaten British Champion Johnny Sullivan. On the same bill, Arthur Howard fights Arthur Wyke, contender for the Belgian cruiserweight title. Both bouts will be over 10 rounds.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

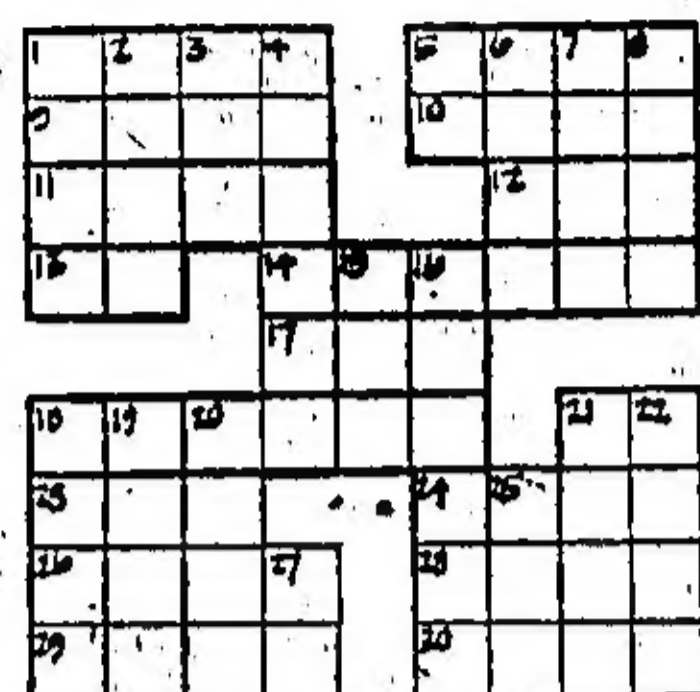
By Barry Appleby



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- Wander
 - Capital of Italy
 - Hedgehog
 - Baking chamber
 - Zone
 - Annex
 - Daybreak (comb. form)
 - Papal capes
 - Colour
 - Rubbed out
 - Preposition
 - Huge tub
 - Important metal
 - Genus of willows
 - Ice cream container
 - Camera's eye
 - Golf mounds

DOWN

- Garment
- Bread spread
- Be sick
- Engines
- Universal language
- Egg-shaped
- Native of Media
- Conclaves
- Scottish sheepfold
- Devotee
- Wicked
- Proportion
- Solar disk
- Musical quality
- Individuals
- Fish eggs
- While

ADD-A-CRAMS

Add a letter to "a measure of area" and have "a golf term"; add another letter and have "a mast"; another and have "a term used in bowling"; one more and scramble for "scanty."

QUIZ FUN

The names below look as if they might come from a map. But closer inspection will show you they can be identified with each of the definitions in the second column.

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| 1. McBurney's Point | a. Spotted horse |
| 2. Land of Nod | b. Large gateway |
| 3. Thousand Island | c. Term used in diagnosis of appendicitis |
| 4. Blue Point | d. Sea bird |
| 5. Sweet Bay | e. Tumbling feat |
| 6. Vandike Cape | f. Being asleep |
| 7. Hand Spring | g. Salad dressing |
| 8. Cape Petrel | h. An oyster |
| 9. Porte Cochere | i. Laurel tree |
| | j. Broad collar |

(Answers on Page 20)

TRIANGLE

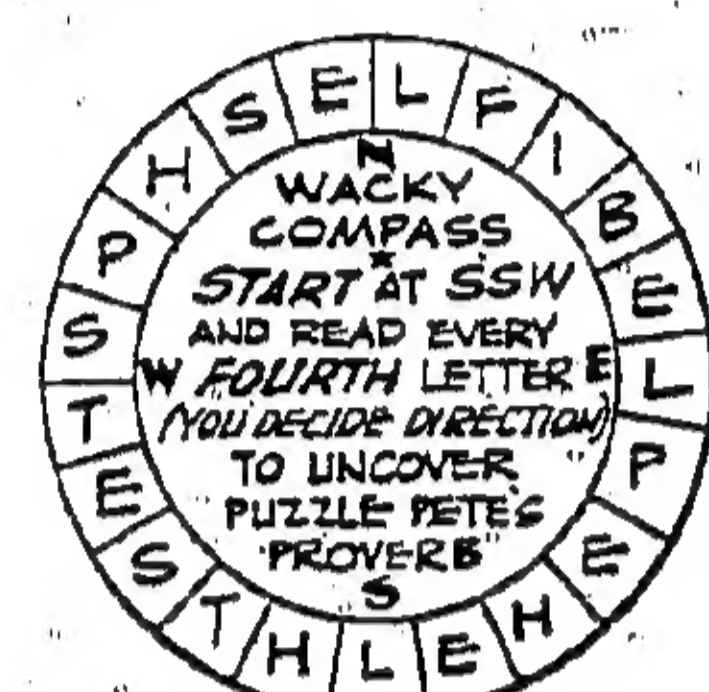
The Puzzleman has based his triangle on TRADERS. The second word is "a suffix"; third "a winglike part"; fourth "happy"; fifth "winged"; and sixth "a click beetle." Finish the triangle:

T
R
A
D
E
R

BEHEADINGS

Behcad "a tally" and have "an apple centre"; behead again and have "native metal"; once more and have "a musical note."

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO HIT A BASEBALL
1. Choose the heaviest BAT you can swing easily....

2. TAKE A COMFORTABLE POSITION AND A FIRM GRIP. HANDS CLOSE TOGETHER JUST ABOVE KNOB.

3. STAND WITH WEIGHT ON RIGHT FOOT. KNEES RELAXED. KEEP BALANCE ON SHOULDER.

4. TAKE A LEVEL SWING. KEEP RIGHT ELBOW CLOSE TO SIDE!

5. STEP TOWARD BALL AND SHIFT TO LEFT LEG.

6. FOLLOW THROUGH ON YOUR SWING IN A COMPLETE ARC. DON'T PULL BACK AWAY FROM BALL WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT!

GEIGER COUNTER OBSOLETE? WEEDS CAN COUNT, TOO

By IDA SMITH

MILLIONS of years before man learned to mine gold and other metals with a pick and shovel, and horsetail plant was mining on the Colorado Plateau is gold with a secret method closely associated with all its own, and the dandelions and wild tobacco plants were mining copper. Plants draw moisture, minerals and other elements from the soil through their roots and transport them to the stalks and leaves.

Some plants have special cells in their roots which are believed to shut out unwanted materials and take in others, as it is known that certain plants have definite selective abilities. Other plants not having this ability have to take whatever elements are in the soil and sometimes die if the elements are too strong.

VARIOUS MINERALS

All plants need a variety of minerals in order to grow and be healthy. Some plants need more of one kind than of others.

The tobacco plant needs a large quantity of copper. A certain little pansy thrives on zinc; yellow violets on tin. A species of beech grass grows where there is an abundance of iron. And on the Colorado Plateau, vetch—sometimes called loco weed—grows and, with its

curious method, extracts selenium from the rocks and mine gold and other metals. Selenium is an important element itself, and the Colorado Plateau is closely associated with all its own, and the dandelions and wild tobacco plants were mining copper.

In the early 1900's, prospectors in Europe and Japan found that certain plants were positive indicators of gold, iron, tin and numerous other metals.

URANIUM INDICATORS

It wasn't until later, however, that Helen Cannon of the United States Geological Survey began to experiment with plants on the Colorado Plateau and in New Mexico for the Atomic Energy Commission in the search for uranium.

Mrs. Cannon discovered that different kinds of plants growing near uranium ores would either die, become deformed, or grow lustily. The lusty varieties are now called uranium indicators. Among these are certain vetch plants in areas up to 6,000 feet in altitude. Higher than that another group adapted to higher altitudes takes over. With these grows the prince's pumpe.

The method for discovering minerals in plants is to burn the carefully washed leaves and analyse the ash.

This new method of prospecting for minerals is called geobotany or geobotanical prospecting. It is a new science and much needs to be learned about it.

The Geiger counter, an instrument used to detect



WHAT DO THESE TWO pictures have in common? Nothing? Guess again. They're both prospectors—old style and new. The Geiger counter, on the left, is thought by most people to be the last word in prospecting apparatus. But that little old Missouri plant (right) has been finding—and mining—copper for years.

uranium, can detect it only a few feet from the earth's surface, while plant and tree roots extend down sometimes as far as 100 feet, drawing minerals from the soil and carrying them up to the leaves. It is believed that if the science of geobotany can be perfected, mineral deposits can be located with much less expense and trouble.

Meanwhile plants continue to "mine" many important elements. One of them is the selenium which the vetch can extract from soil containing such small amounts that man has not yet devised a means of recovering them from the earth.

Story About A Cat

—People Said Scat, But She Ignored Them—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the shadow-girl with the turned-about name, walked up to her friend Mr. Punch who was sitting in his chair twiddling his thumbs. On seeing Hanid standing in front of him, Mr. Punch looked up, smiled, and without stopping his thumb-twiddling, said: "I suppose you've come to hear a story."

Eager For A Story

"Well," said Hanid, "I'd like to hear one."

"About what?" asked Mr. Punch. "One of the hardest things about telling a story is to know what to tell the story about."

"Tell it about a cat," said Hanid.

At this Mr. Punch stopped twiddling his thumbs. He sat in great silence for a minute or two. He shut his eyes. Hanid was almost sure that he had fallen asleep. But no, he wasn't asleep at all. He was simply thinking.

"A story about a cat? Ah! Now I remember!"

"You remember a story about a cat?" said Hanid hopefully.

"Exactly," said Mr. Punch. "It was about a cat named Jacqueline Hortense. Elizabeth Von Mew."

"That's a long name for a cat, isn't it?" said Hanid.

"It might be a long name for most cats," agreed Mr. Punch, "but it wasn't a long name for Jacqueline Hortense Elizabeth Von Mew. She was used to it. Besides, most people didn't bother



Mrs. Von Mew walked around singing, and people couldn't sleep.

calling her by her full name."

"What did they call her, Mr. Punch?" asked Hanid.

"Scat!" said Mr. Punch.

"Just Scat?" said Hanid.

"Just simply and only Scat," said Mr. Punch.

"Why did they just simply and only call her just Scat instead of her full and regular name of Jacqueline Hortense Elizabeth Von Mew?" said Hanid.

"Well," said Hanid, "I don't see anything so very wrong in that, do you? She didn't bother anybody, did she?"

"I'm afraid she did," said Mr. Punch. "I didn't tell you everything that Jacqueline Hortense Elizabeth Von Mew did when she walked around all night."

"Well," said Hanid, "I don't see anything so very wrong in that, do you? She didn't bother anybody, did she?"

"Oh," said Hanid. "And she walked around singing," said Mr. Punch.

"Oh dear me," said Hanid. "And she walked in and out of cellars, hunting after mice," said Mr. Punch. "She kept people awake. She disturbed their slumbers. She made them sick their heads out of the windows and shout 'Scat!'"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"

"For thing," said Hanid. "Was she frightened?"



"Have you fellows been waiting long?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 14

BORN today, you appear to be one of those lively happy-go-lucky individuals who cares little for anything very serious. But this is just the mask that you present to the world. For underneath, there are still, deep waters which often give rise to moods of temperament which you very successfully hide under a sometimes too gay exterior!

You have exceptional talents, probably in the creative arts, and if this side of your nature is frustrated, you may think that it is not worth the trouble to struggle. But it is! For only by following your particular star will you ever find complete happiness and contentment. You are basically an individualist and your methods of thinking do not always conform to the currently accepted pattern. However, if you will persevere along the lines in which you believe, you will succeed beyond even your fondest dreams. You may very well become famous, since you are a leader in ideas. You could be an executive when it comes to business, too.

Your emotions are deep and you do your best work when in harmonious surroundings. Demonstrative among members of your own family, you are sometimes quite unapproachable at first meeting. An early marriage would probably bring you the greatest happiness.

Among those born on this date are: Timothy Dwight, educator; Gabriel D. Fahrenheit and Albert Einstein, physicists; Sir Hall Caine and Negley Farson, novelists; and Billie Dove, silent film star.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Another fine day for all your efforts. Make plans appropriate to the day and follow through.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If forced to drive "in heavy traffic" keep an eye for the other fellow—who may be careless.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Definitely your day for romance. See that the one you love knows about it! A present may be in order.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—After attending church in the morning for a spiritual uplift, you might plan some appropriate recreation.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is one of those pleasantly friendly days. Pay some visits or receive guests at home.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Some of your plans may need a careful going over before they will pass the test of practicality.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Don't be let yourself get involved in someone else's squabble. Stay on the fence; don't speak out.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Church activities have first call upon your time today. They may benefit the community, too.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Furnish your plans with your usual calm. Do not let a minor upset throw you off course.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can prove a very happy day for all the family. Plan some outdoor activity together.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Aspects are excellent just now. This would be a fine day for entertaining the "in-laws".

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't speak out on impulse and you will avoid getting drawn into an argument unwisely.

BORN today, you are one of the born diplomats of the world. You have a gift for being able to make and hold friends in many varying groups. Although logical and analytical in your mental processes as well as being highly critical of those whom you do not think "measure up," you have the ability to solve problems and make constructive criticism without giving undue offence. In fact, you are a natural leader and should make use of your gift for speaking in public. Either law or politics would be a good career for you to follow.

You have a shrewd head for business but need to be guided by a code of high ethics for you are a little inclined to use any means to the ultimate end, provided you believe the "end" is a good one. Just make sure that you don't step on too many toes as you climb upward.

Cultural and intellectual interests appeal to you most, but you also enjoy society and meeting people. You want to know only those whose minds are as keen as your own, though. In marriage, make sure that you wed someone whose tastes are similar to your own, for you could not be happy in marriage without cultural companionship. You women would probably do as well in a career as the men but you would want, in addition, marriage, your own home and children. You are quite capable of this dual career, too.

Among those born on this date are: Joseph Cotton, actor; Constance Cummings, screen star; William S. Baine and Levi Lincoln, statesmen; Edwin A. Alderman, educator; P. M. Fleming, astronomer; and Clifford Fadiman, critic.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 16

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be very efficient on the job today and you will find that it attracts attention. The boss upon it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Aspects are neutral but your own efforts can make it an important day of progress.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Things both at home and at the office should go smoothly enough. Just don't go looking for trouble.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Better not to speak out unless you are very sure of things. Assert—the right ones—speak for you.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This can be one of those fortunate days. Something special, good should happen to you.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If invited to join a community group for the benefit of the neighborhood, do so.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If you are dealing with those in authority, be discreet. Business prospects could turn upon it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You might look for your reward for past work well done. It could be just what you've been waiting for.

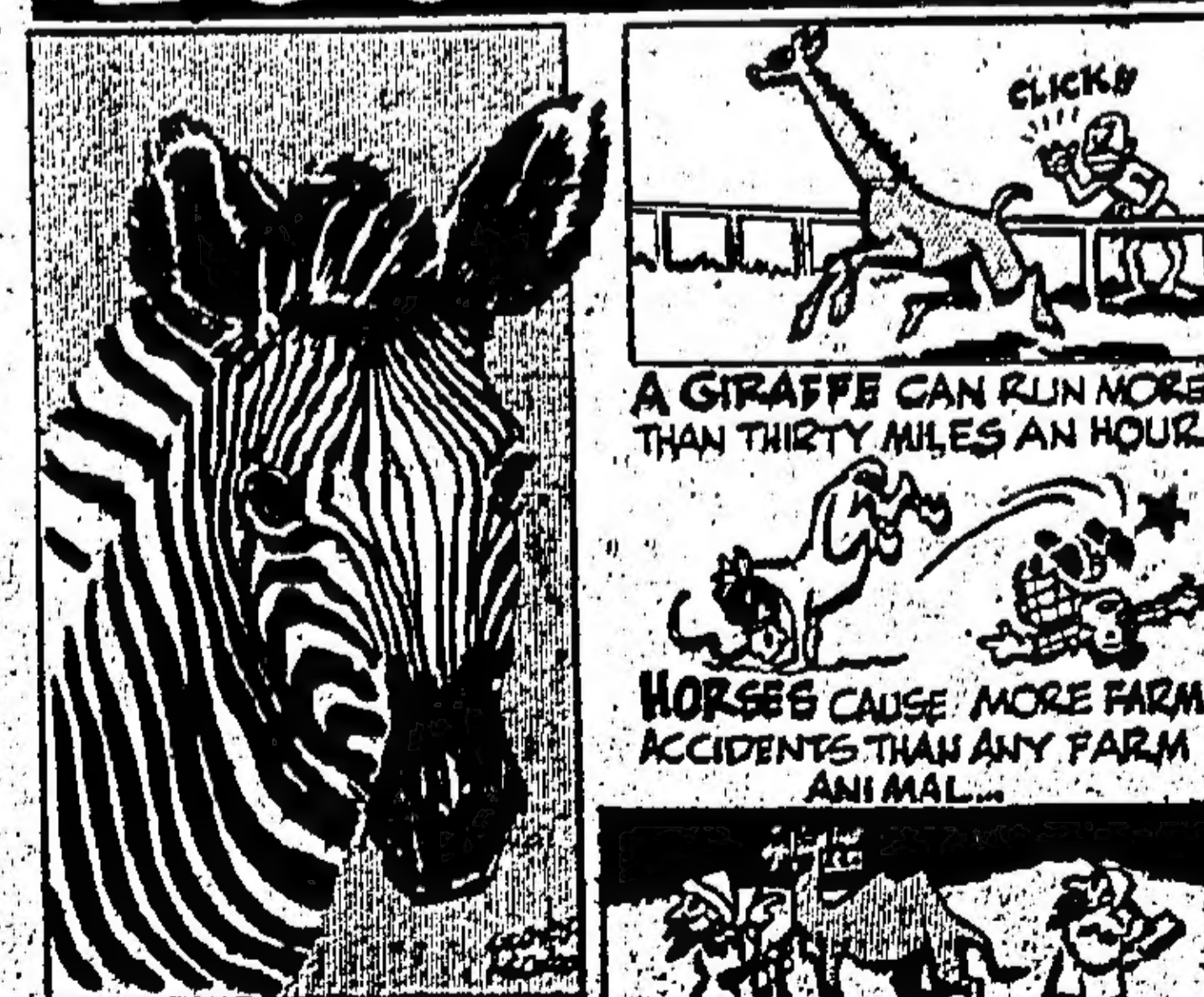
CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your sign says the lights are green for "go ahead" on anything you want to attempt just now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—The beginning of this new week can set the pattern for the balance of the month.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be enthusiastic about your work but don't overestimate results or you might be disappointed.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Make the most of the good aspects for you now. Get a lot done and be proud of the result.

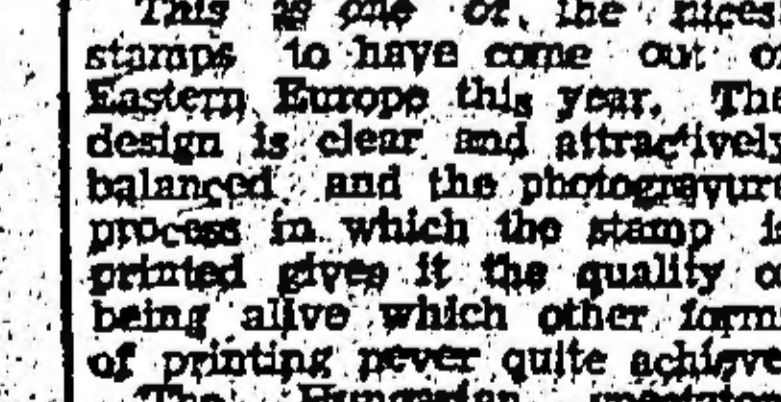
ZOO'S WHO



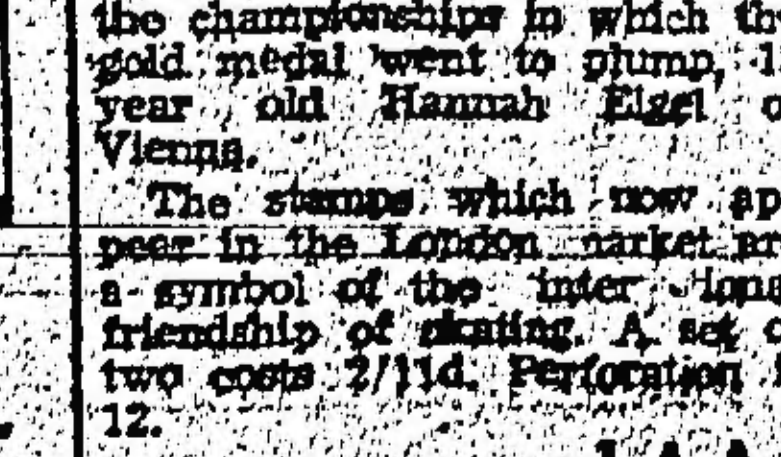
ZEBRA
STRIPE PATTERNS, LIKE FINGER PRINTS, ARE NEVER IDENTICAL.



A GIRAFFE CAN RUN MORE THAN THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

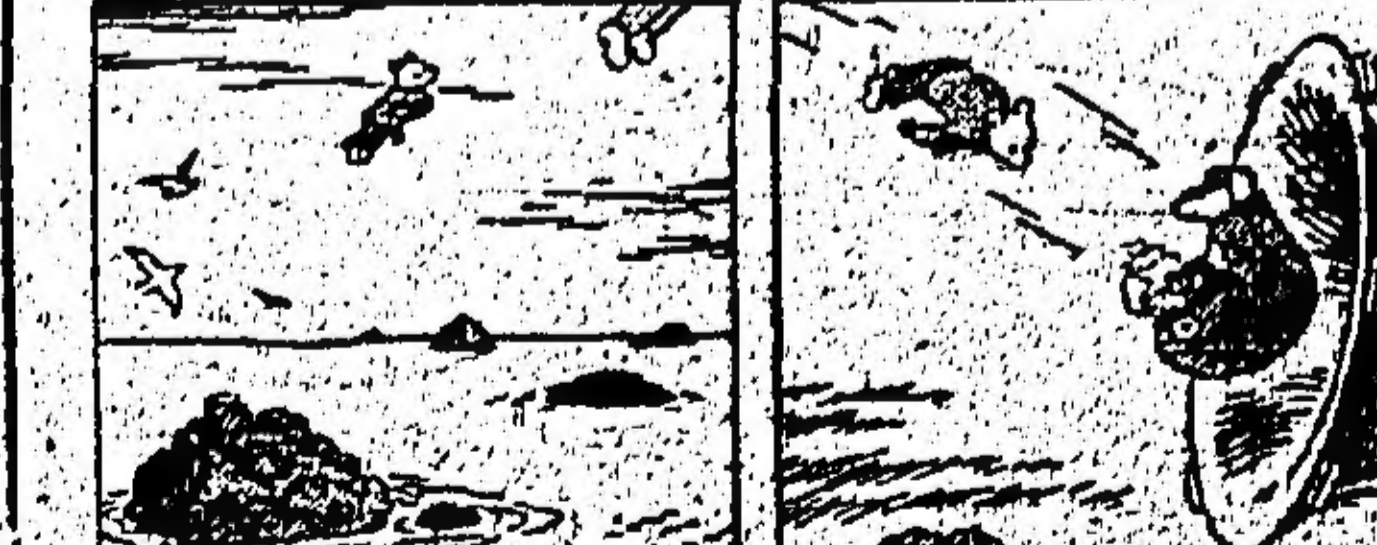


HORSES CAUSE MORE FARM ACCIDENTS THAN ANY FARM ANIMAL.



CAMELS USED FOR CONVEYING GOODS IN THE BIG CITIES OF EGYPT HAVE A LICENSE PLATE DANGLING FROM UNDER THE EAR.

Rupert and the Inventor—40



"Oh dear," says Rupert. "I was a silly! I'm so sorry. There were queer sea-creatures trying to climb the rock, so I was worried and pressed the wrong button. They all disappeared when you came." But the inventor is already some distance from him.

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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

On His Own

THERE are men getting on for twice Edward's age who, compared to him, seems as robust as striplings. For Edward, at 44, seems to have abandoned all hope and entirely to have lost faith in himself and the world.

At Victoria Station one afternoon a policeman saw Edward, and became suspicious of him because of the seeming purposelessness with which he shuffled among the hurrying crowds. Edward, the policeman decided was up to no good.

When Edward meandered out into the street, the officer followed.

ONLY A CIGARETTE
In the street, Edward, a tall, rake-thin man in searow clothes, whose long greying hair looked as though a hurricane had combed it, began to try to stop people passing by.

The watching policeman could not hear what Edward said, but he noticed that the people he stopped crumpled him aside and hurried on, looking angry. That was enough. Edward was arrested for using insulting behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace.

At Bow Street next morning Edward pleaded not guilty. In the voice of an old, departing man, he said: "I may have seemed to catch at people's arms and all that, but I was really only asking for a cigarette."

The magistrate, Mr. S. J. P. Barrisclough, found the case proved. "Is anything known?" he asked.

DOCTOR'S REPORT
The police knew nothing to Edward's detriment. He was sent off to see the probation officer, and presently was brought back.

"This man," the probation officer said, "is an inmate of reception centre. When I was found for him last July, but he said he preferred doing nothing. Unless something is done, he may stay at the reception centre for the rest of his life, and never do any work. If I might suggest a doctor's report..."

The magistrate nodded, and Edward was remanded for a medical report.

ROOT OF THE TROUBLE
THREE weeks passed, and Edward was brought back. Time seemed not to have made much difference to his appearance. His cheeks were hollowed still and in his eyes was only "indifference."

But the doctors had got to the root of his troubles, and now the probation officer went into the witness-box to explain.

"This man used to live with his mother in a town on the south coast," he said. "He used to work down there—in the gas-works. Then, three years ago, his mother died."

"During her life she had always sheltered him, and when he lost her, I think that he wasn't able to look after himself at all."

"I see the doctors suggest a few months of treatment," the magistrate said.

HOPE, AGAIN
THE probation officer replied: "Yes, sir, and he will go quite happily and voluntarily."

"Is that right?" the magistrate asked Edward. "Are you prepared to co-operate with the people who are going to try to look after you?"

"Yes, I am," Edward said.

"Then I shall discharge you conditionally for six months, the condition being that for that time you will reside where you are told."

Edward, gravely nodded.

"Okay," said Edward, "okay, sir, thank you."

The slang came oddly from him as though he realised it from a long way back in time, from the days when he went about the world as other men do, when he had his mother's love and faith to sustain and shield him. "Okay." It was almost as if he were giving the password that would presently admit him back from the shadows to the world of men.

PARIS MADE BIG 4 TALKS

POSSIBLE Adenauer Very Pleased With Results

Bonn, May 13.
Dr Konrad Adenauer, the Western German Chancellor, said today that only the ratification of the Paris agreements had made a Four-Power conference possible.

Any hopes for an all-German reunification without a successful Four-Power conference were "Utopian," he said.

Dr Adenauer was giving the Federal Cabinet a two-hour report on his visit to Paris and West Germany's entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the Western European Union.

GREAT PROGRESS
The recent Paris talks had brought great progress and, he said, "very pleased." The achievement of German reunification would be a lengthy process. It involved other great world problems, including tension in the Far East. It would be an error to expect results quickly.

Herr Franz Blumberg, the Vice-Chancellor, congratulated Dr Adenauer on behalf of the Cabinet, on the "successes" which West German foreign policy had won in recent days.

DAVIS CUP RESULTS

Prague, May 13.
Belgium gained a lead of 2-0 against Czechoslovakia today when their European Zone second round Davis Cup Tie opened here, winning both singles.

At Budapest, Hungary, having lost the first two singles yesterday, kept their second round Tie alive by winning the doubles against Chile.

Josef Asboth and Andras Adam beat Luis Ayala and Andre Hammerley 7-5, 7-5, 6-4 to leave Chile with a 2-1 lead in the match, which ends tomorrow with the last two singles.

Winners of the Tie meet Belgium or Czechoslovakia in the next round.

At Copenhagen, rain interfered with play when Denmark and South Africa began their second round.

Ian Vermaak (South Africa) was in sight of victory over Kurt Nielsen (Denmark) when rain stopped play and the match together with the other single will be finished tomorrow, weather permitting.

The score at the time of the abandonment of play with Vermaak was 6-4, 1-6, 2-6, 6-1, 5-1. Winners of the Tie meet Germany or Italy in the next round.

Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:
ACROSS: 1. ROAM, 2. ROME, 3. OLIO, 4. OVEN, 5. BELT, 6. ADD, 7. ED, 8. ORALES, 9. ERASED, 10. TO, 11. VAT, 12. IKON, 13. ITEA, 14. CONE, 15. LENS, 16. TEES.
DOWN: 1. ADD-A-GRAMS, 2. ARE, 3. SPOT, 4. SPARE, 5. TRIANGLE, 6. T, 7. ER, 8. ALA, 9. GLAD, 10. ALATE, 11. PLATE, 12. PLATES.
BEEHINDINGS: Score, core, ore, wacky compass: help, help is the best help.
QUIZ FUN: 1-c, 2-c, 3-c, 4-b, 5-b, 6-b, 7-c, 8-a, 9-b, 10-b.

Embarrassing Revelation

Johannesburg, May 13.
Experts at the Government laboratory which analyses blood smears of diseased cattle were stamped by a blood sample sent in for study by one rancher.

Their decision: it was not the blood of any known breed of cattle but most likely a baboon's.

No one was more embarrassed than the rancher. He had sent in a smear of his own blood as a joke on the experts.

United Press.

IT'S STILL 16 FEET FOR DON

San Francisco, May 13.
Mr Joseph Phillips, Commissioner of the California Athletic Commission, today rejected a plea by the manager of Don Cockell for a 20-foot ring for his title fight with Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, on May 16.

The Commissioner said that a ring four feet wide is already installed in Kezar Stadium for the fight on Monday night, will be used.

He told Mr John Simpson, the English champion's manager, and E. J. (Ted) Wolkman, Secretary of the British Board of Boxing Control, that as far as he knew there was not a ring 20 feet square in the State of California.

ARGUMENT
It developed in a 30-minute argument over this one issue that another ring in consideration—the one in the "Civic Auditorium" here—was originally constructed to measure 20 feet inside the rope.

But Mr Phillips said that years ago he received so many complaints from American managers that he cut it down to its present 18 feet six inches.

Promoter Jimmy Murray conceded that he told Cockell's manager recently that a 20-foot ring would be used.

It was also confirmed that eight ounce gloves would be used in the fight.

Reuter.

County Cricket Championship

London, May 13.
Though rain washed out three games today and interrupted several others two counties, Middlesex and Nottinghamshire, gained championship wins in the English county cricket programme.

Middlesex beat Essex at Lords by 70 runs with over three hours to spare to score their first championship win of the season.

The Middlesex spin bowler, Jack Young, and Fred Titmus each took four wickets and despite a stubborn eighth wicket stand of 56 between Test all-rounder Trevor Bailey and Brian Taylor, Essex were well beaten.

SPIN BOWLERS
Two more spin bowlers, Kenneth Smiles and Bruce Dooland, helped Nottinghamshire dismiss Hampshire at Portsmouth 252 of which Jimmy Gray hit 88. Nottinghamshire, set to make only 23 runs, won by nine wickets.

Reuter.

PRESS OBSTACLES CAUSE CONCERN

Copenhagen, May 13.
The International Press Institute assembly here today declared it was "deeply grieved" to learn that in many countries, especially in the Middle East and South America, serious obstacles were placed in the way of the Press or that Press freedom simply did not exist.

The assembly, conferring on "foreign news and the reader," said in a final resolution that it was fully informed of the attacks which were being made on the freedom of the Press, even in democratic countries.

The Secretariat of the Institute was instructed to inform its members of all cases where Press freedom was limited or suppressed.

INFORM PUBLIC
All members were urged to inform public opinion and warn governments which threatened Press freedom and to defend colleagues who became victims of limitations of the Press.

The assembly had earlier discussed the work of news agencies.

The Chairman, Mr Terkel Terkel, Editor of Berlingske Tidende, Copenhagen, said he had nothing against the big news agencies and thought they were better than their reputation but they fell down in the interpretation of events as they could not find the right tone for all newspapers in the world.

Mr E. Carlsbach of Maatry, Tel-Aviv, blamed news agencies for poor presentation of foreign news. Agencies, he said, were run on the very easy but debatable formula of believing that big news in the country where it happened would be regarded as big news everywhere.

The news agencies continued themselves principally first to civil war, secondly to border incidents, thirdly to earthquakes and floods and fourthly and very rarely or never to human interest news.

The news agencies' basic approach was false because it was impossible to standardise news.

This had resulted in almost universal indifference to 80 per cent of the copy they circulated.

Reuter.

OAKS TRIAL STAKES

London, May 14.
Seven probable starters and jockeys for the Oaks Trial Stakes to be run over 12 furlongs at 1400 GMT at Lingfield Park Sussex, today are:

Belladonna (E. Smith), Shrimp Boat (K. Gethin), Klondyke (no jockey), Ark Royal (E. Mercer), Mistress Grace (L. Pigott), Mighty Mo (A. Bressley) and Thunder (W. H. Carter). All carry nine stone—China Mail Special.

Trieste, May 13.
A group of 800 Italian and Austrian emigrants left here today for Australia aboard the motor-ship Aurelia.

The ship will pick up another 214 emigrants at Malta and will proceed to Fremantle, Australia, where it is due to arrive on June 3.

United Press.

BEREAVED MOTHER TO PETITION THE QUEEN

Nairobi, May 13.
A bereaved mother in black whose son was butchered by Mau Mau terrorists last month stood outside Nairobi's leading hotel yesterday collecting many signatures to a petition she hopes to present personally to the Queen.

She was Mrs Naomi Twohey mother of 13-year-old Christopher Robin Twohey who with his schoolboy friend Geoffrey Danby was murdered while shooting pigeons on the outskirts of the city.

The petition asks the Queen to send a judicial committee of inquiry to Kenya to examine security arrangements for the protection of all races.

Mrs Twohey stood throughout the day beside a green baize card table in the hotel entrance collecting signatures of housewives and office workers. She plans to continue this every day until she leaves for England later this month with her husband.

Reuter.



EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES for the COLONY and the FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK (TRUSTEE) LIMITED

The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

NOTICE

TOLO HARBOUR FERRY SERVICE

On and after the 15th May, 1955, the timetable for the above Service will be amended as follows:

Leaving TAIPO KAD for TAP MUN: 6.45 a.m. (On Sundays only this ferry will leave at 7.45 a.m.)

2.15 p.m. (Via Tai On Shan, Shap See, Ma On Shan, and Tung Sam Kai)

Leaving TAP MUN for TAIPO KAD: 6.30 a.m. (Via Tung Sam Kai, Lai Chi Chung, Shap See, Shap See, and Ma On Shan)

(On Sundays only this ferry will leave at 9.30 a.m.)

4.45 p.m. (Direct)

THE HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION, LTD.

Hong Kong, 15th May, 1955.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that LIN KO (林柯) alias LAM IU-CHO (林耀祖) of 82 Morrison Hill Road, 4th Floor, Hongkong, is applying to the Governor for naturalisation, and that any person who knows any reason why naturalisation should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Colonial Secretary, Colonial Secretariat, Hongkong.

Securities deemed to be subject to this validation procedure, require to be registered with one of the following registration offices:

Creditanstalt Bankverein, Schottengasse 6, Vienna 1.

Oesterreichische Landbank A.G. Am Hof 2, Vienna 1.

Oesterreichische Credit-Institut A.G. Herrngasse 2, Vienna 1.

Persons who have not already deposited their internal Austrian securities, either directly or indirectly, with an Austrian bank, are recommended, in their own interest, to contact immediately either their own bank or one of the three Austrian banks mentioned above, for the purpose of registering the securities, or a claim to such securities, in the prescribed manner within the time limits imposed, and for information as to whether a security issue has been already officially called up for validation, and, if so, the date of the expiration of the stipulated time limit, and also as to whether, as a result of an official pronouncement, a security issue has been declared exempt from the validation procedure.

Subject to compliance with foreign exchange regulations the securities may also be forwarded directly for registration to one of the above Austrian banks named above. However, in this case the respective Austrian bank requires to be specifically empowered to carry through in the name of, and for the account of, the owner of the security, all the necessary measures required by the validation procedure.

The list of securities referred to in this notice may be obtained on application to the Colonial Secretariat. The urgency of the matter is brought to the attention of members of the public because the last day of registration for some securities fell on 21st May, 1955, and on various other dates up to 22nd August 1955, for the remainder.

Please address communications to: Secretary, Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children, P.O. Box 2508, Hongkong.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Mission to Seamen, 49 Gloucester Road, Tel. 74221.

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the sake of poor children



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RED PLUMS BLACKBERRIES PRUNE DAMSONS

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THE DAIRY FARM, ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.

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TELEPHONE SERVICE. TELEPHONES are repaired, project your own, or have them repaired by telephone. Telephone: 2611. Approved by H.K. Telephone Co. Ltd.

DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Comfort Service. Telephone: 2611. Hongkong provides the expert attention your feet deserve. By London qualified Chiropodist.

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NOTICE CONCERNING THE VALIDATION OF INTERNALLY ISSUED SECURITIES IN AUSTRIA

For the purpose of restoring an orderly state of affairs with regard to the internal securities issued in Austria the Ministry of Finance has been empowered, in terms of the Austrian Securities Validation Law, Federal Gazette No. 189/54, to call up, by announcement in the official notice column of the Wiener Zeitung those Austrian securities, issued in Austria, for which a validation procedure is deemed necessary.

Securities deemed to be subject to this validation procedure, require to be registered with one of the following registration offices:

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Oesterreichische Landbank A.G. Am Hof 2, Vienna 1.

Oesterreichische Credit-Institut A.G. Herrngasse 2, Vienna 1.

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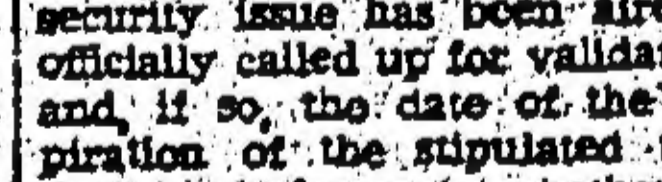
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